# Joyful Lays

B

AND

W. Howard Doane.

Biglow & Main.

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# JOYFUL LAYS:

## A New Collection of Songs,

## Prepared and Adapted for the Sunday School

BY

Rev. Robert Lowry and W. Howard Doane.

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# UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US.

Joy in the God of my salvation. - - - - . - - Hab. 3 : 18.
oyful in my house of prayer. - - - - - - - Isa. 56 : 7.

One is your Master, even Christ. - - - - - - Matt. 23 : 8.
bey God rather than men. - - - - - - - Acts 5 : 29.

Yield your members servants to righteousness. - - - Rom. 6 : 19.
et not I, but Christ liveth in me. - - - - Gal. 2 : 20.

Filled with all the fulness of God. - - - - Eph. 3 : 19.
ollow peace with all men, and holiness. - - Heb. 12 : 14.

Unite my heart to fear thy name. - - - Ps. 86 : 11.
phold me with thy free Spirit. - - - Ps. 51 : 12.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly. Col. 3 : 16.
abor not for the meat which perisheth. - John 6 : 27.

Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. John 6 : 68.
ook unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth. - Isa. 45 : 22.

Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion unto the Lord. - Jer. 31 : 6.
wake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead. - Eph. 5 : 14

Ye are all the children of light. - - - - I Thess. 5 : 5.
oung men and maidens; old men and children. Ps. 148 : 12.

Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts. - I Pet. 3 : 15.
ing unto the Lord a new song. - - Isa. 42 : 10.

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# JOYFUL LAYS.

## Something to Feast the Soul.

How sweet are thy words unto my taste!—Ps. 119: 103.

Mrs. C. E. TAYLOR. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Something to feast the soul, O Lord, Something to gath-er from Thy word, Give us to - day;
2. Give us to-day our dai - ly bread, That we, from Thy rich boun-ty fed, May grow with - in;
3. Give us a pa - tient spir - it, Lord, For all the world can-not ac - cord Such bliss-ful rest

That, where-so-e'er our feet may roam, We may be drawing near - er home Each night, we pray.
And, o - ver-com-ing ev - ery foe, The sweet re-ward of faith may know, A rest from sin.
As, when we lean up - on Thy word, Thy precious prom - i - ses af - ford To souls oppressed.

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# Bright Glory to Come.

E. R. LATTA. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.—1 Cor. 2: 9. A. J. ABBEY.

1. Eye hath not seen, Ear hath not heard, Nor hath the fan - cy portrayed, What the dear Lord
2. Mansions of joy, ag - es a - go Je - sus the Mas - ter fore-told; They are for us,
3. Pilgrims are we, seek-ing to find Re - gions than Ca - naan more fair; Heav'n is our home,
4. Loved ones are there, torn from us here, We their dear fa - ces shall see; Nev - er fare - well

hath in re-serve, If his commands are obeyed.
just as they were For the dis - ci - ples of old.
ov - er the tide, Where is no sor-row or care.
then shall be said, Nev - er a part-ing shall be.

CHORUS.

We shall wander no more, But on the bright shore

1st time. 2d time.

We'll share in that home The glo - ry to come; We'll share in that home, The glo - ry to come.

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# Thou Hast Redeemed Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I have redeemed thee.—Isa. 43: 1. W. H. DOANE.

1. O - ver my spir - it, si - lent - ly mus - ing, Came a sweet mes-sage, peaceful, di - vine;
2. Rich are the blessings Thou art be - stow-ing, Boun - ti - ful Shepherd, Saviour di - vine;
3. Green are the pastures, cool are the wa - ters, Where at the noon-tide oft I re - cline;

Tranquil-ly steal-ing, slow-ly re - peat - ing, I have redeem'd thee and thou art mine.
I shall not wea - ry, walking be - side Thee, Thou hast redeem'd me, my life is Thine.
How shall I thank Thee, how shall I praise Thee? Thou hast redeem'd me, my life is Thine.

FINE.

CHO.—*Ten-der - ly fold me, lov - ing - ly hold me; Hid - ing for - ev - er my soul in Thee.*

D. S. CHO.

Thou hast redeemed me, won - der - ful Sav - iour, Un - der Thy watch-care still would I be;

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# Lord, a Saviour's Love displaying.

Rev. ERNEST HAWKINS. The Gentiles shall come to thy light.—Isa. 60: 3. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Lord, a Saviour's love dis-playing, Show the hea-then lands Thy way; Millions still, like
2. Bring them home from ev-ery na-tion, From the isl-ands of the sea; By the word of

sheep, are straying In the dark and cloud-y day; Shades of death are gath'ring o'er them; Lord, they
Thy sal-va-tion Call the wanderers back to Thee; Thou their pas-ture hast pro-vid-ed; Grant the

per-ish from Thy sight; Let Thine An-gel go be-fore them, Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.
blessing long fore-told; Let Thy sheep, di-vine-ly guided, Find at last the com-mon fold.

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# Come in and dwell with me.

GRACE J. FRANCES. I will come in to him, and will sup with him.—Rev. 3: 20. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Come in, come in, O Sav-iour mine, Come in and dwell with me; My heart, my life, hence-
2. My soul from ruin Thou hast brought; Come in and dwell with me; I've found the rest that
3. Cast ev - ery i - dol far a - way; Come in and dwell with me; Ful - fill Thy prom-ise,
4. The bolt - ed door is o - pen wide; Come in and dwell with me; For - ev - er here my

REFRAIN.
Come in.....

forth are Thine; Come in and dwell with me. Come in, come in and dwell with me, I
long I've sought; Come in and dwell with me.
Lord, to - day; Come in and dwell with me.
guest a - bide; Come in and dwell with me.

Come in,.....

yield my all to Thee; My heart, my life, henceforth are Thine; Come in and dwell with me.

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# Lift me Higher.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. My soul thirsteth for God.—Ps. 42: 2. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Lift me high - er, bless - ed Sav - iour, To the source of life, Where the liv - ing
2. Lift me high - er, that, tri-umph-ant, I may sing and soar; In the calm of
3. On - ward, on - ward I am press - ing To the mount of God; Lead me up the

REFRAIN.

fount - ain flow - eth, Far from sin and strife. High - er, high - er, lift me high - er,
blest as - sur - ance, Keep me ev - er - more.
shin - ing path - way That Thy feet have trod.

In the light a - bove; From the depths of sin and sor - row, To the heights a - bove.

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# Sweetest Name on Earth.

F. J. C. — The name of Jesus.—Acts. 8: 12. — W. H. Doane.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Sweet - est name in the realms a - bove, Sweetest name on earth is Je - sus; }
{ Breath'd in faith with a heart of love, Sweetest name on earth is (*Omit*..... } Je - sus.

Refrain.

Balm in tears and sad - ness, Hope in joy and glad-ness, How it calms the troubled soul, When the stormy waters roll; Sweetest name on earth is Je - sus.

2 Oft it comes like a whispered tone,
Sweetest name on earth is Jesus;
Name we plead at the Father's throne,
Sweetest name on earth is Jesus.

3 Hailed and crowned with the purest praise,
Sweetest name on earth is Jesus;
First and last in the song we raise,
Sweetest name on earth is Jesus.

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# The Jordan is Rolling.

DR. GERVASE SMITH. Israel came over this Jordan on dry land.—Josh. 4: 22. H. W. LANNING.

1. The Jor-dan is roll-ing between me and home; I stand on the margin; the summons has come; My
2. The world is be-hind me; life's tri-als are o'er; Lo! heav'n is ap-pear-ing; I see the blest shore; Bright
3. O Sav-iour, be near me; keep hold of my hand; The waters, tho' surging, will own Thy command; My

Josh-u-a leads me thro' death's darkest wave; His hand is un-err-ing, and might-y to save.
an-gels are beaming their welcome to me, And God, my Re-deem-er, in glo-ry I see.
fears have all vanished; death's terrors are gone; I walk thro' the riv-er and up to the throne.

REFRAIN.

Might-y to save, might-y to save; The Lord is my Lead-er, and might-y to save.

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# Blessed be the Lamb.

W. A. OGDEN. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Mark. 11: 9. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Joy - ful we in our sabbath home, Singing songs to the Lamb we come; Un - to Him in a
2. Lit - tle ones in the days of old, Sang His praise in a measure bold; So we here in His
3. When we meet in the land of love, When we en - ter the home a - bove, Then we'll join with the

D. C.—*Joy - ful we in our sabbath home. Singing songs to the Lamb we come; Un - to Him in a*

FINE. DUET.

song of praise, Our hap - py voi - ces now we raise. Blessed be the Lamb for sinners slain,
tem - ple raise Our trib - ute in a song of praise.
ransom'd throng, And ev - er-more His praise pro - long.

*song of praise, Our hap - py voi - ces now we raise.*

D. C. CHO.

Blessed be the Lamb, we sing a - gain; Blessed ev - ermore His name shall be, Who died on Cal-va-ry.

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# Tenting by the Shore.

W. O. CUSHING. Whether we die, we die unto the Lord.—Rom. 14: 8. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Tent - ing by the shore of the great, deep sea, Wait - ing on the wave-worn strand,
2. Hap - py now with Je - sus, they want no more, Know-ing nei - ther pain nor care;
3. Tent - ing by the shore of the great, deep sea, Rest - ing in the Lord, I wait;

Ten - der are the voic - es call - ing un - to me, Voic - es from the si - lent land.
Still they seem to lin - ger, wait - ing on the shore, Point-ing to the glo - ry there.
Still the lov - ing voic - es sweet-ly call to me, Float-ing from the gold - en gate.

CHORUS.

They are not dead, they are not dead, They have only pass'd the cold, dark riv - er; We shall

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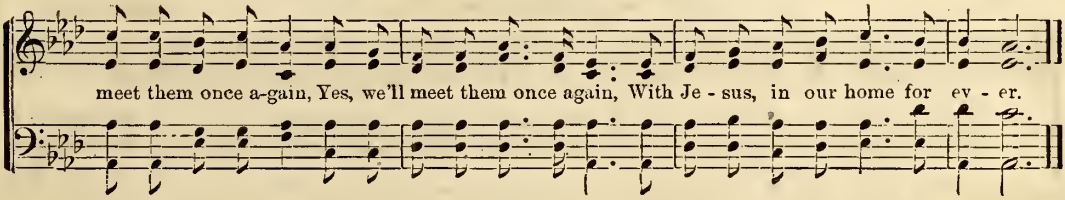
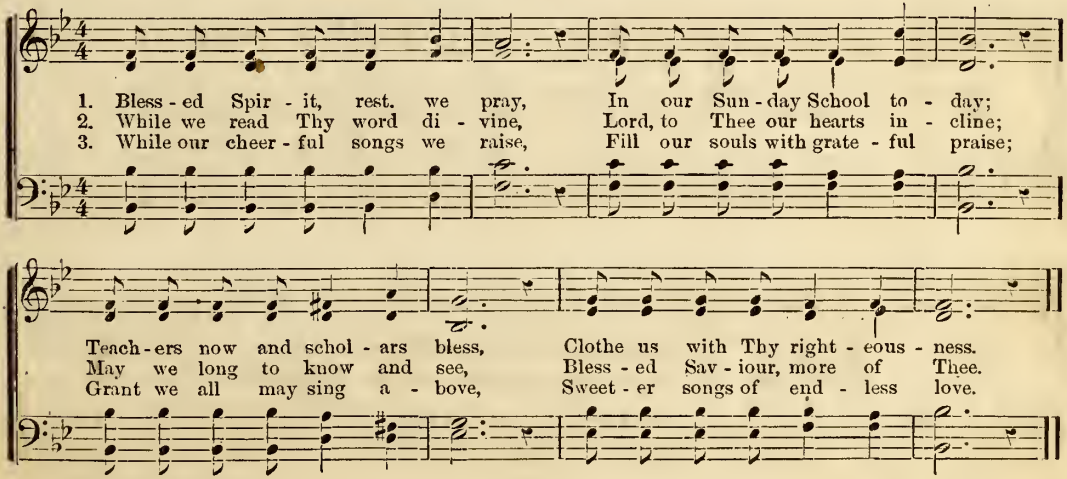



## Blessed Spirit. (Invocation.)

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. Bless with the spirit.—1 Cor. 14: 16. W. H. Doane.

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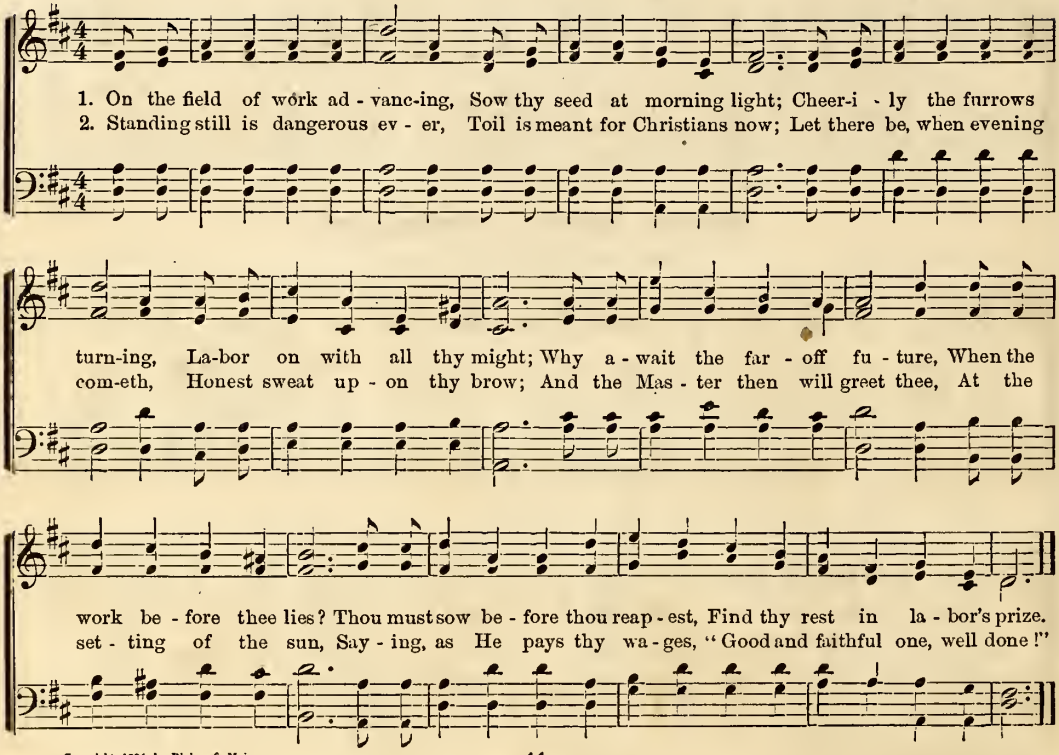
# On the Field of Work.

GERMAN. Go work to-day.—Matt. 21: 28. ROBERT LOWRY.

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# O Light Of light, Shine in.

Dr. H. Bonar. — The Lord shall be thy everlasting light.—Isa. 60: 20. — W. H. Doane.

1. O Light of light, shine in! Cast out this night of sin; Cre - ate true day with - in;
2. O Joy of joys, come in! End Thou this grief of sin; Cre - ate calm peace with - in;
3. O Life of life, pour in! Ex - pel this death of sin; A - wake true life with - in;
4. O Love of love, flow in! This hate - ful root of sin Pluck up, de - stroy with - in;

Refrain.

O Light of light, shine in.
O Joy of joys, come in.
O Life of life, pour in.
O Love of love, flow in.

O Light, all light ex - cell - ing, Make my soul Thy dwelling; O Joy, all grief dis - pell - ing, To my poor heart come in.

5 My God and Lord, O come!
Of joys the Joy and Sum,
Make in this heart Thy home;
My God and Lord, O come!

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# Lord, I come to Thee.

Rev. R. W. Landis. I will arise and go to my father.—Luke 15 : 18. T. Frank Allen.

*Earnestly.*

1. Lord, I come to Thee for rest, Guilt-y, help-less and un-done; Wearied, and by sin op-
2. When Thy Spir-it gen-tly strove To reclaim my err-ing heart, Urg-ing me my God to
3. O a-bused and slighted Lord, Can'st Thou such a heart re-ceive? Yes, Thou can'st; for Thy own

pressed, Burdened with a heart of stone; I a-gainst Thee have re-belled, Suf-fered
love, Urg-ing me from sin to part,— I that bless-ed Spir-it drove Rash-ly
word Calls me still to come and live; Lord, I come; O make me Thine; Cleanse my

earth my love to win; From my birth Thou hast be-held Me the will-ing slave of sin.
from this wretched breast; Would not seek the joys a-bove, Nor ac-cept the prof-fered rest.
soul and set me free; Glad-ly do I sin re-sign, Joy-ful-ly re-turn to Thee.

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# Lofty Hills of Moab.

And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain.—Deut. 34: 1.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Robert Lowry.

1. From the loft - y hills of Mo - ab, Where thy wea - ry feet shall stand, Thou shalt look across the
2. From the loft - y hills of Mo - ab, Thou shalt view the prospect o'er; 'Tis the land the Lord shall
3. From the loft - y hills of Mo - ab, It is sweet in - deed to rise To the high - er land of

Jor - dan, And he - hold the promised land; The land of milk and hon - ey, Fer - tile
give thee, And 'tis thine for - ev - er - more; And tho' thy eyes be daz - zled With the
prom - ise, To the Ca - naan of the skies; The land of heavenly glo - ry, Land of

land of corn and wine, The land of springs and fountains,—'Tis the land that shall be thine.
splendor of the sight, Thy heart shall turn with rap - ture To the scene of pure de - light.
heau - ty all di - vine, The land of ma - ny mansions, That for - ev - er shall be thine.

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# Jacob's Dream.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Jacob called the place Bethel.—Gen. 35: 6. W. H. DOANE.

1. Day had soft-ly fad - ed In the golden west; Ja - cob, sad and lone-ly, Laid him down to rest;
2. On a wondrous lad - der, Reaching to the skies, An - gel forms descending, Fill'd him with surprise;

Tho' a stone his pil - low, Soon he calmly slept, While the stars a-bove him Si - lent vig - il kept.
From its loft - y sum-mit, Came the words divine: I, the Lord, have promis'd, Lo, this land is thine.

CHORUS.

O..... that night at Beth-el! Bright.... with joy its ho - ly beam; There.... his

O that night at Beth - el while he slept! Bright with joy its ho - ly beam that shone; There his hap - py

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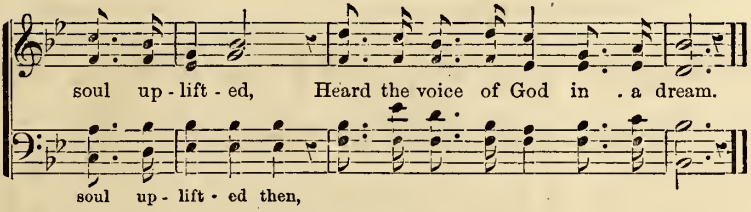
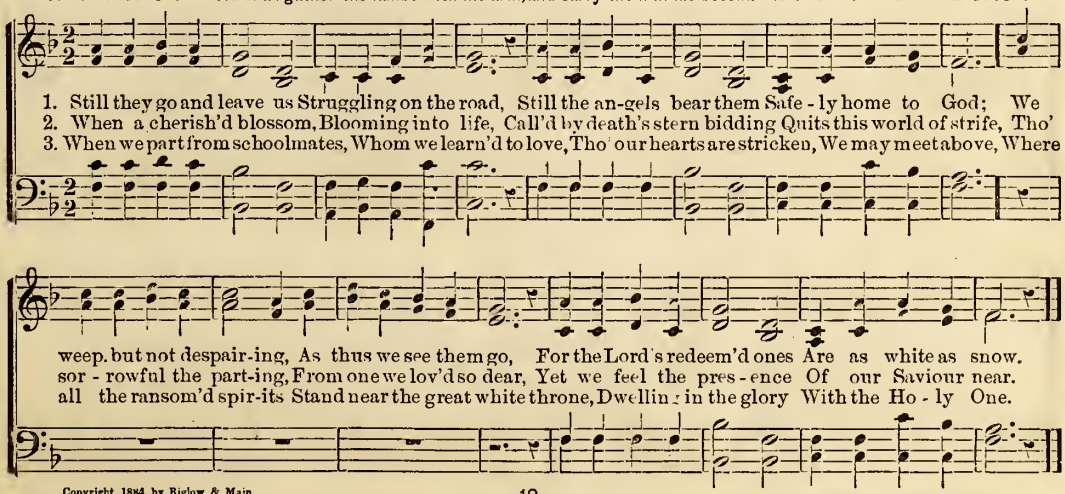
## Jacob's Dream.—Concluded.




3 Far from home and kindred,
In that lonely spot
God was watching o'er him,
Yet he knew it not;
Thus the hand whose mercy
Governs all our ways,
Out of deepest trial,
Brings the highest praise.

## Still they Go and Leave us.

J. B. FERGUSON. He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.—Isa. 40: 11. J. B. FERGUSON.

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# Bright Glory Beams.

Rev. A. Kenyon. — I am with you alway.—Matt. 28: 20. — Robert Lowry.

1. Bright glo - ry beams are shin - ing clear A - round me day by day; Yet, if a - lone, my
2. Por - tentous clouds of grief and doubt May o - ver - cast my sky; The Saviour's voice is
3. I'll bear thee o'er the deep, cold tide, To yon - der bliss - ful shore, Where trusting souls in

heart might fear That I might lose the way; But Je - sus sheds a light di - vine, My
ring - ing out: Fear not, fear not, 'tis I; I'll hold thee in my arms, dear child, Thy
joy a - bide, And fears pre - vail no more; There streams of bliss for - ev - er flow, And

soul with hope to cheer, Till I shall claim the crown as mine, Be - yond the reach of fear.
feet shall nev - er stray; Tho' storms may gath - er dark and wild, I'm with thee all the way.
light for - ev - er shines; With love and grace each heart a - glow, The glo - ry ne'er de - clines.

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# Secret Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Pray to thy Father which is in secret.—Matt. 6: 6. W. H. DOANE.

1. There is an hour of calm re - lief From ev - ery throbbing care, 'Tis when, be - fore a throne of grace, I kneel in se - cret prayer. O that voice.... to me so dear, Breathing soft on my ear! Weary child,.... look up and see; 'Tis thy Saviour speaks to thee.

2. When one by one, like threads of gold, The hues of twi - light fall, O sweet com-mun-ion with my God, My Sav - iour and my all!

3. I hear se - raph - ic tones that float A - mid ce - les - tial air, And bathe my soul in streams of joy. A - lone in se - cret prayer.

4. O when the hour of death shall come, How sweet from thence to rise, With pray'r on earth my lat - est breath, My watchword to the skies.

REFRAIN.

O that voice I love to hear, love to hear,

Breathing soft on my ear, on my ear! Weary child, look up and see, look and see;

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# Beyond the Rolling Sea.

D. B. P. — He that brought them up out of the sea.—Isa. 63: 11. — D. B. PURINTON.

1. Be-yond the roll-ing sea, There lies a peace-ful shore, From storms and tem-pests free, Where bil-lows sweep no more; A man-sion fair, just o-ver there, By faith I see, prepared for me.
2. Be-yond the roll-ing sea, An-gel-ic forms ap-pear; And, float-ing down to me, Ser-aph-ic songs I hear; And this the song on ev-ery tongue, "Re-demp-tion free on Cal-va-ry."
3. Be-yond the roll-ing sea, They beck-on me to come, And wait to wel-come me, With dear ones gathered home; All dau-ger past, in heaven at last, I soon shall be be-yond the sea.

REFRAIN.

Be-yond the roll-ing sea, A man-sion waits for roll-ing sea, A beau-ti-ful man-sion

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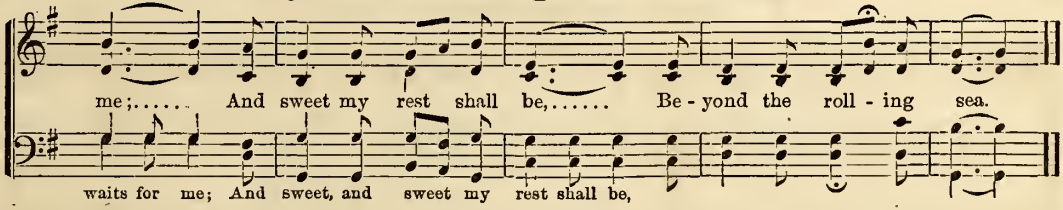
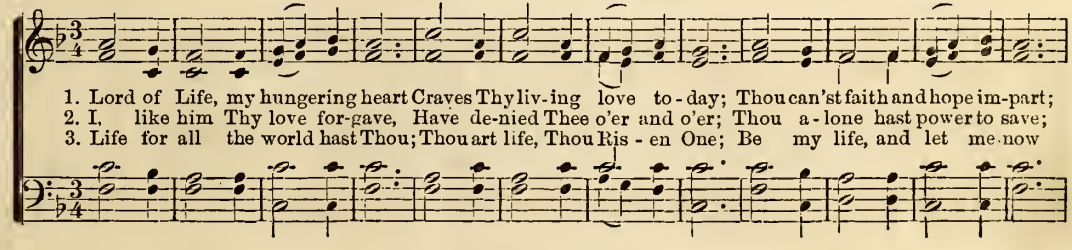
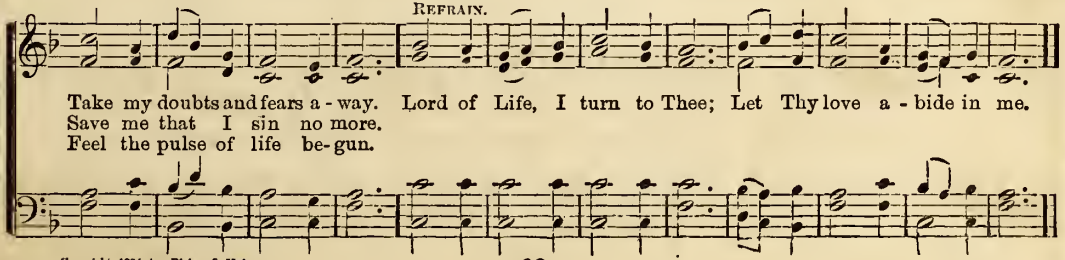
## Beyond the Rolling Sea.—Concluded.




## Lord of Life.

DR. DAVID J. HILL. I am the resurrection, and the life.—John 11: 25. ROBERT LOWRY.

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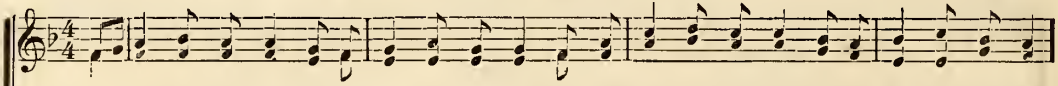
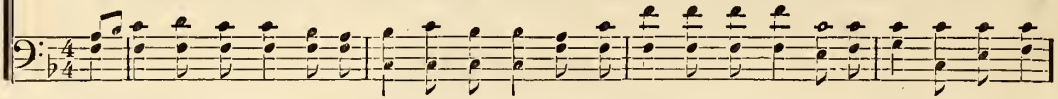
# O Sing to the Lord.

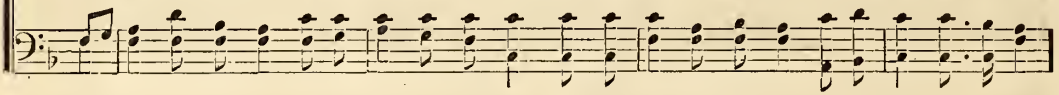
GODFREY THRING. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving.—Ps. 100: 4. S. J. VAIL.



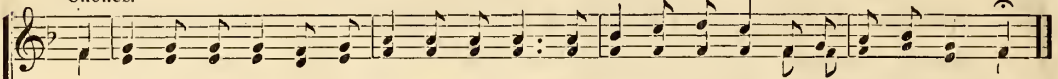
1. O sing to the Lord with a psalm of thanksgiving, For great is His wisdom, and great is His love;
2. As brothers in Christ we are band-ed to-geth - er, New light and new life to receive from His love;
3. Then sing to the Lord, for the Lord's name is glorious, Each voice be up - lift - ed to join in the strain,



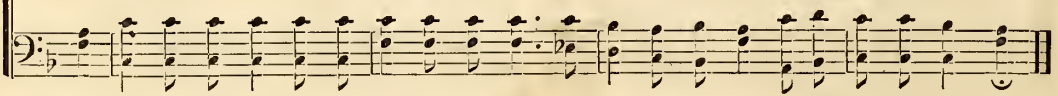
Your voices raise heaven ward, that angels in glo - ry May join in our chorus, and sing it above.
May God's Ho - ly Spir - it, the heavenly Re-veal - er, Il - lum - ine our hearts with His truth from above.
Till all things on earth shall re-ech - o in cho - rus Our song of thanksgiv-ing a - gain and again.



CHORUS.



O sing un - to Je - sus, the Ancient of Days; Re-joice, while our song of thanksgiving we raise.



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# When the Hearts we fondly Cherish.

GRACE J. FRANCES. "Watch ye therefore."—Mat. 24: 42. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. When the hearts we fond-ly cherish, From our home are far a-way, For the ab-sent ones re-
2. Yes, we look for their re-turning, Till our ach-ing eyes grow dim; But the Mas-ter too is
3. Place the watch lamp in the window, Let its rays burn bright and clear, Lest the Bridegroom should sur-

turn-ing, How we long, and watch, and pray; How we look to see them com-ing, When the
com-ing; Are we watching now for Him? O the sleep-less, anxious mo-ments That for
prise us, For His com-ing may be near; "Watch, and be ye al-so read-y," Were His

moon is on the hill; And the lone-ly star of midnight Finds us watching, praying still.
oth-ers oft we spend, Tho' we fail to heed the coun-sel Of our kindest, dear-est Friend.
part-ing words to all; He may come at ear-ly dawning, Or when evening shadows fall.

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# Hosanna in the Highest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Hosanna to the son of David.—Matt. 21: 9. W. H. DOANE.

1. With - in the roy - al cit - y, That grand and glorious day, When Je - sus rode tri - umph-ant, While palms o'erspread His way,—He passed the Ho - ly tem - ple, And heard the children sing, Ho - san - na in the high-est, All praise to Ju - dah's King. Ho - san - na in the
2. A - dore Him, all ye peo - ple, Pro - claim His boundless love, Whose name shall be ex - alt - ed All oth - er names a - bove; A - dore Him, all ye children; His kind and gen - tle care, His nev - er fail - ing mer - cy, Let in - fant tongues de-clare.
3. When cra - dled in a man - ger, A babe of ho - ly birth, The an - gels sang at mid-night, Good will and peace on earth; They rent the air with mu - sic; And we like them would sing, All glo - ry, end-less glo - ry, To Him, our Lord and King.

CHORUS.

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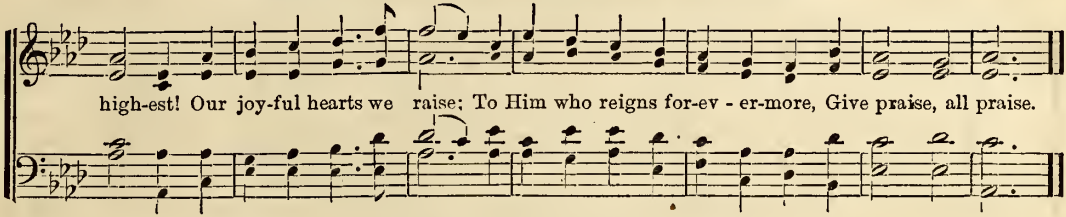
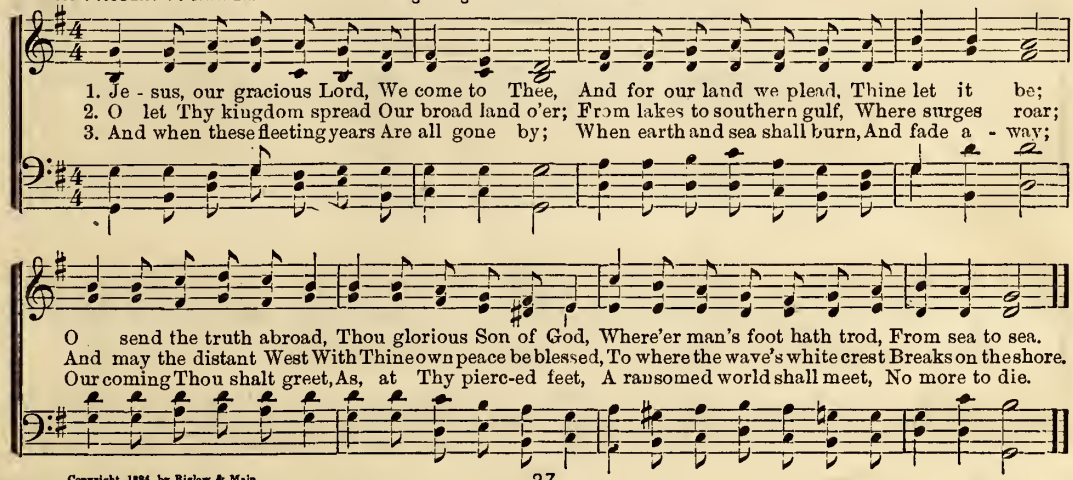



## Jesus, our gracious Lord.

Rev. ROBERT F. SAMPLE. Beginning at Jerusalem.—Luke 24: 47. T. FRANK ALLEN.

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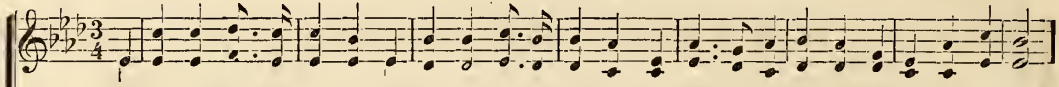
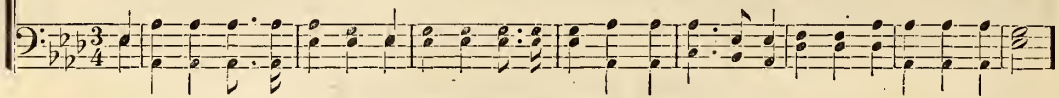
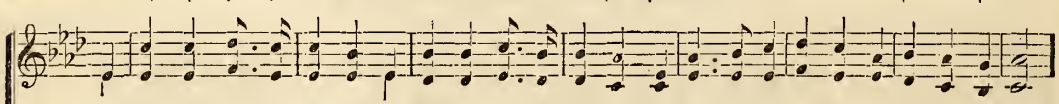
# O Zion! Lovely Zion!

FANNY J. CROSBY. The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion.—Isa. 35: 10. IRA D. SANKEY.

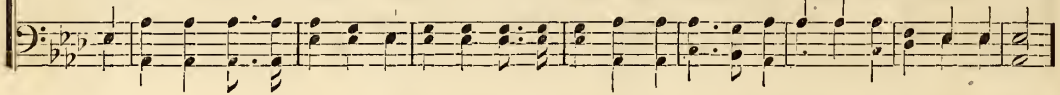


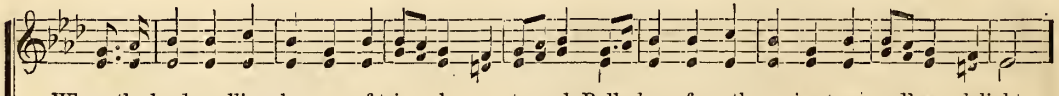
1. O Zi - on! love - ly Zi - on! thou cit - y of the faithful, How oft - en with rapture thy praises we sing!
2. O Zi - on! love - ly Zi - on! thou earest for the low - ly; Thy banner of mer-cy still waving we see;
3. O Zi - on! love - ly Zi - on! O when shall we behold thee, Thy beauty and splendor for ev - er to share?



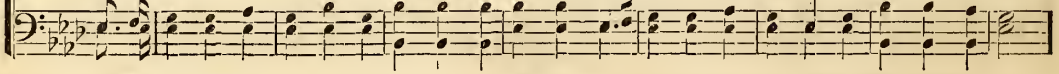


Where millions of redeemed ones are dwelling now in brightness, And praising forever our Saviour and King.
Thy watchmen thou art sending with tidings. joy-ful tidings, To gath-er the lost ones and bring them to thee.
Where loved ones who have entered thy bright and shining portals, Are waiting and watching to welcome us there.





Where the loud-swelling cho-rus of triumph e - ter-nal, Rolls down from the regions of endless delight,



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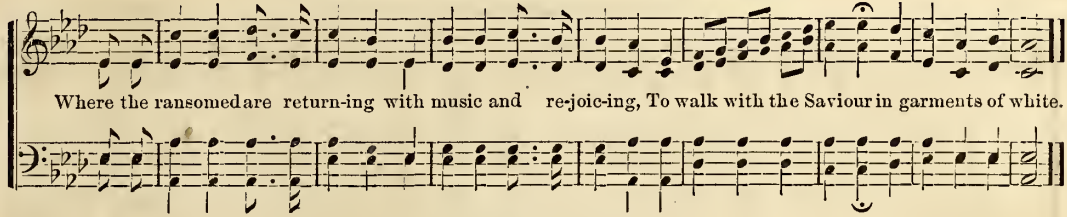
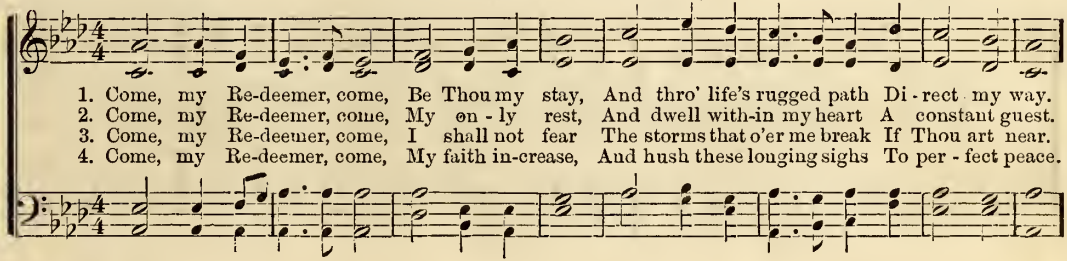



## No Other Guide.

GRACE J. FRANCES. Thou art the guide of my youth.—Jer. 3: 4. HUBERT P. MAIN.

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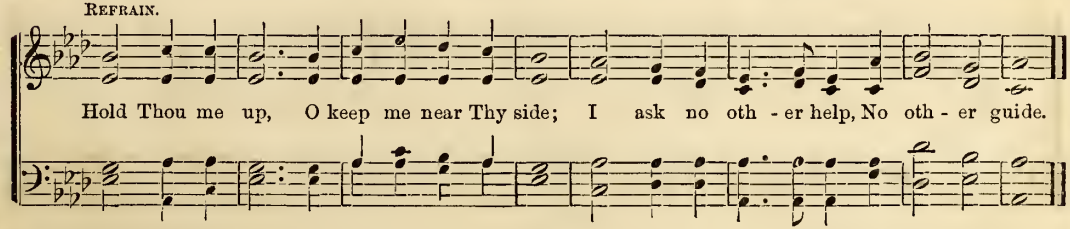


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# I cannot Seek too Early.

V. C. Early will I seek thee.—Ps. 63: 1. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I can - not seek too ear - ly in the morn-ing, I can - not come to Thee too late at
2. No e - vil can ap-proach but Thou be - hold - est, No dan - ger compass me but Thou art
3. Shall I not seek Thee in life's ear - ly morn-ing, Shall I not cling to Thee thro' earthly

night; Thou wilt receive me in the ear - liest dawning, And Thou wilt welcome in the dark - est
near; My trembling heart be-neath Thy wing Thou foldest, With - in Thy "secret place" can come no
night, Till Thou re - veal to me the heavenly dawning, And I shall see Thy face, and "no more

REFRAIN.

night. O God, Thou art my God; Ear-ly will I seek Thee, ear-ly will I seek Thee, O my God.
fear.
night"?

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# Step by Step.

W. A. OGDEN. "He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. 23: 2. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Step by step, the Lord will safe-ly lead us, If we're guid-ed by His ten-der hand;
2. Step by step, our journey will be bright-er, If the right we faith-ful-ly pur-sue;
3. Step by step, we soon will reach the riv-er, Just between us and our hap-py home;

CHORUS.

Step by step, the bread of life He'll feed us, If we heed His blest com-mand. Fol-low, we'll
Step by step, our spir-its will be light-er, If we to the Lord are true.
Step by step, we're marching to the Giv-er Of e-ter-nal life to come. Follow Thee, we'll

*1st time.* *2d time.*

fol-low, In the way of beau-ty, In the path of du-ty;
fol-low Thee, [*Omit*.....] Saviour, we will fol-low Thee.

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# Tidings from over the Jordan.

Mrs. A. E. Andrews. Tidings came.—Acts 21 : 31. W. H. Doane.

1st time. 2d time.

1. Ti - dings from o - ver the Jor - dan, News from our Saviour in . glo - ry,
Borne in a won-der-ful sto - ry, Tell-ing of rap-ture and [*Omit*..... love; Ti-dings from

2. Ti - dings from o - ver the Jor - dau; All, if they will, may re - ceive them;
Hap - py are they who be - lieve them, Looking to Je - sus for [*Omit*..... rest; Ti-dings from

o - ver the Jor - dan; Hear the glad message de - clar - ing Hope to the lone and des-pair - ing,
o - ver the Jor - dan; Voic - es are ten - der - ly call - ing, Come where no shadows are fall - ing,

Chorus.

Joy to the poor and op - pressed. Marching, marching, Stead-i - ly on, re - joic - ing; Marching,
Come to the land of the blest.

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## Tidings from over the Jordan.—Concluded.

On we go;

marching, cheer-i-ly on we go; Ti-dings of joy in-vite us, Ech-oes of song de-light us;

March-ing, marching, Cheer-i-ly on-ward we go.

3 Tidings from over the Jordan;
There is the city of gladness,
End of all weeping and sadness,
Bright with Immanuel's love;
There are the fold and the Shepherd,
There is the beautiful river,
There may we dwell and forever,
Safe in the pastures above.

## Come, ye Children.

Ps. 34: 11. R. L.

1st time. 2d time.

Come, ye children, hearken un-to me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord; fear of the Lord.

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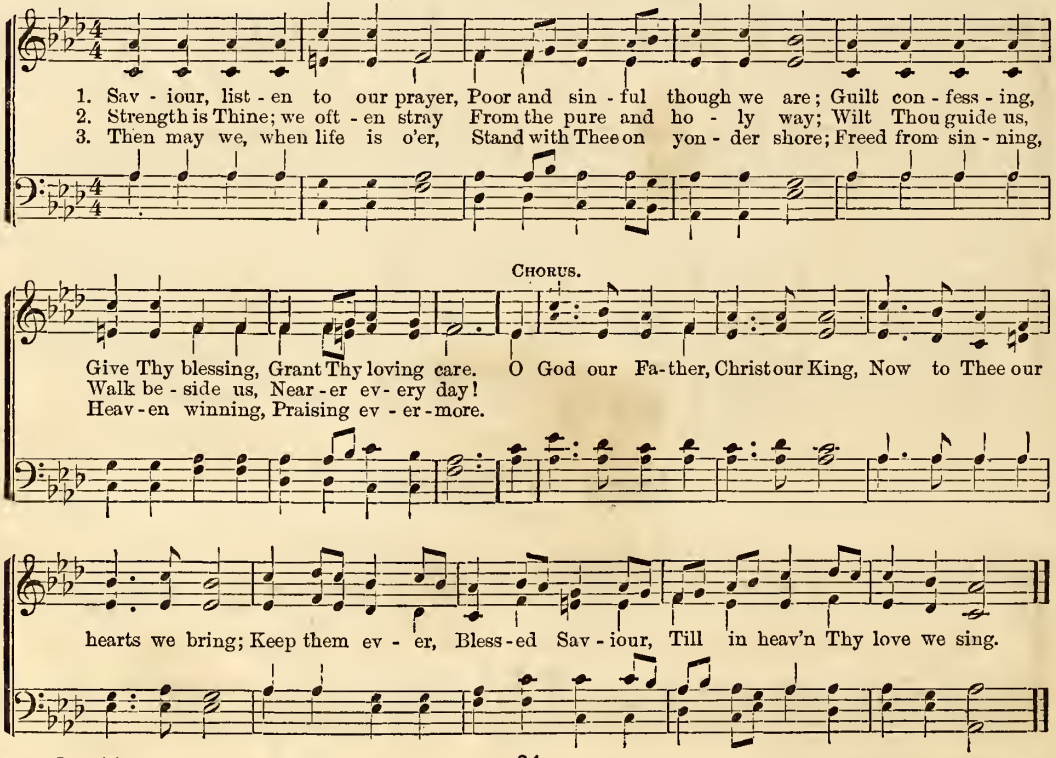
# Saviour, Listen to our Prayer.

Who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil.—2 Thess. 3: 3.

E. W. Kellogg.

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# Here and There.

Mrs. MARY M. BARNES. Neither shall there be any more pain.—Rev. 21 : 4. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Here the bat - tle and the con - flict, Ma - ny wounds and scars; There the rest that nev - er
2. Here the lov - ing and the los - ing, And the blind - ing tears; There the gain that is e -
3. Here the bit - ter pains and cross - es, And the an - guish sore; There the com-fort and the

REFRAIN.

fail - eth, Peace that noth - ing mars. Here and there, here and there— Good of both the
ter - nal, Free from grief and fears.
heal - ing, Health for ev - er - more.

faith - ful share; Here the bat - tle and the con - flict, All the glo - ry there.

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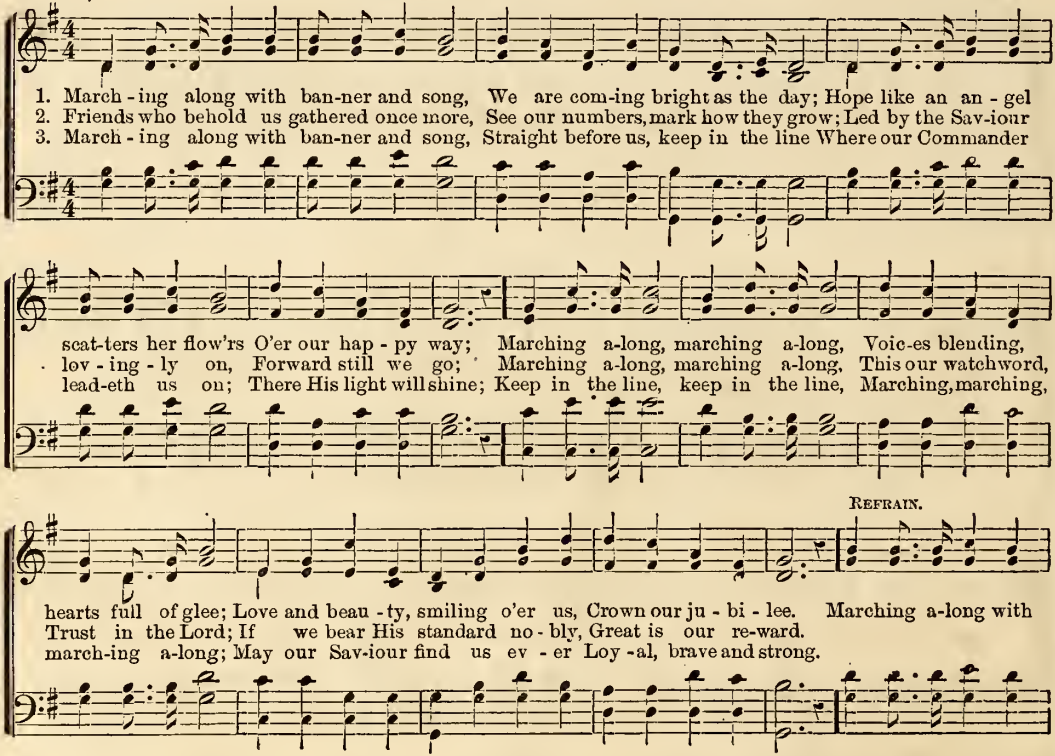
# Marching along with Banner and Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY. They shall march with an army.—Jer. 46: 22. W. H. DOANE.

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banner and song, Lightly, quickly bounding away; Marching along, our Sunday school army Welcome a joyful day.

## His Little One.

AMELIA M. HULL. He shall gather the lambs with his arm.—Isa. 40: 11. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. And is it true, what I am told, That there are lambs within the fold Of God's be - lov - ed Son?
2. And I, a lit - tle stray-ing lamb, May come to Je - sus as I am, Tho' goodness I have none;
3. Oth - ers there are who love me too, But who, with all their love, can do What Je-sus Christ has done?
4. Thus, by this gracious Saviour fed, And by His mer - cy gen-tly led Where liv-ing wa - ters run,

That Je-sus Christ, with ten-der care, Will in His arms most gently bear The helpless lit - tle one?
May now be fold - ed on His breast, As birds with - in the par - ent nest, And be His lit - tle one.
Then if He teach - es me to pray, I'll sure - ly go to Him and say, Lord, keep Thy lit - tle one.
My greatest pleasure will be this, That I'm a lit - tle lamb of His Who loves the lit - tle one.

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# Some Sweet Day, By and By.

EDNA L. PARK. Then I shall know.—1 Cor. 13 : 12. W. H. DOANE.

*Tenderly.*

1. We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press the golden
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall find each broken
3. O these part-ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall gath - er friend with

strand, Some sweet day, by and by; O the loved ones watching there, By the tree of life so
link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star that, fad - ing here, Left our hearts and homes so
friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There before our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have

REFRAIN.

fair, Till we come their joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by,
drear, We shall see more bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by.
flown, We shall know as we are known, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, yes, by and by,

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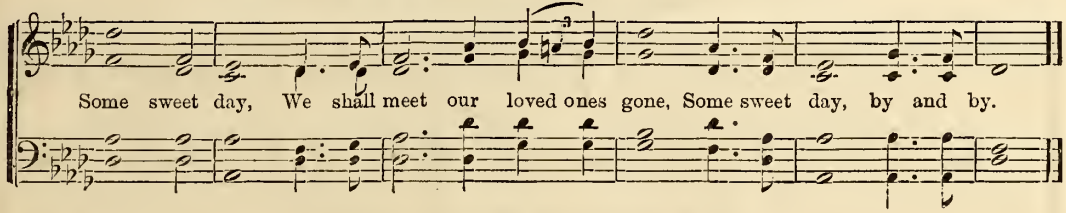
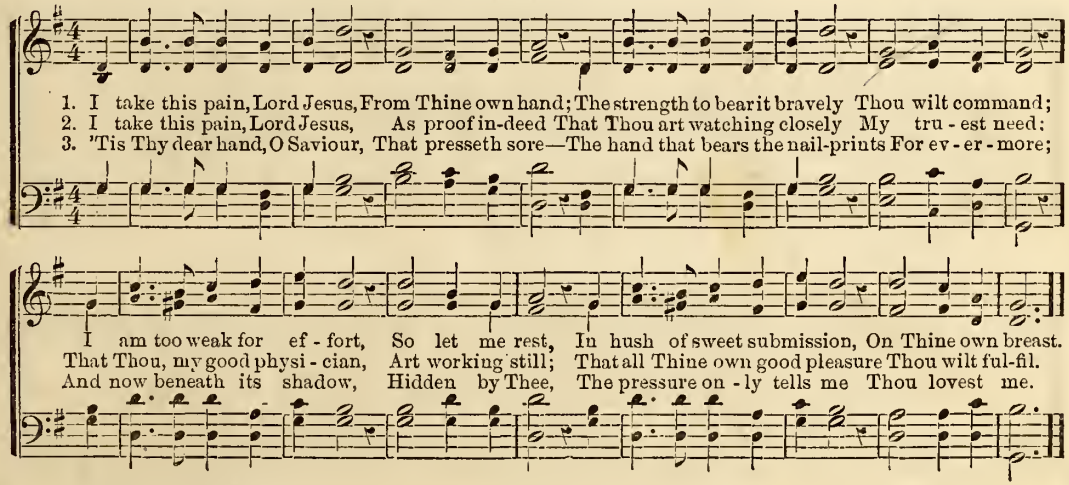



## I take this Pain, Lord Jesus.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.—Heb. 12 : 6. H. W. LANNING.

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# Beautiful Golden Grain.

D. B. PURINTON. Bringing his sheaves with him.—Ps. 126: 6. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Glow-ing in the sun-light, wav-ing in the breeze, Harvest-er, look up, and see the fer-tile
2. Up, and with the morn-ing hast-en to the field; Harvest-er, a-wake, and speed thee on a-
3. Go and help the toil-ers, cheer them on their way; Harvest-ers for God, they reap e-ter-nal
4. When at last the an-gels shout the "Harvest Home," Reapers one and all shall catch the glad re-

plain; En-ter in and la-bor, sit no more at ease, Gath-er the beau-ti-ful gold-en grain.
main; Ev-ery precious mo-ment rich reward will yield, Gath'ring the beau-ti-ful gold-en grain.
gain; Ere the dusk-y shad-ows close the wea-ry day, Gath-er the beau-ti-ful gold-en grain.
frain; All the faith-ful work-ers joy-ful-ly will come, Lad-en with beau-ti-ful gold-en grain.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful golden grain, beau-ti-ful golden grain, Bending on the hill-side, stretching o'er the plain:

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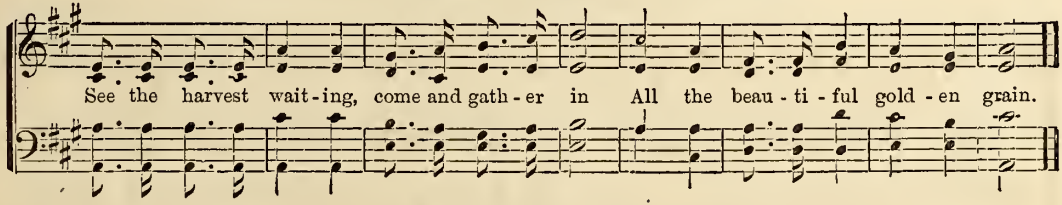
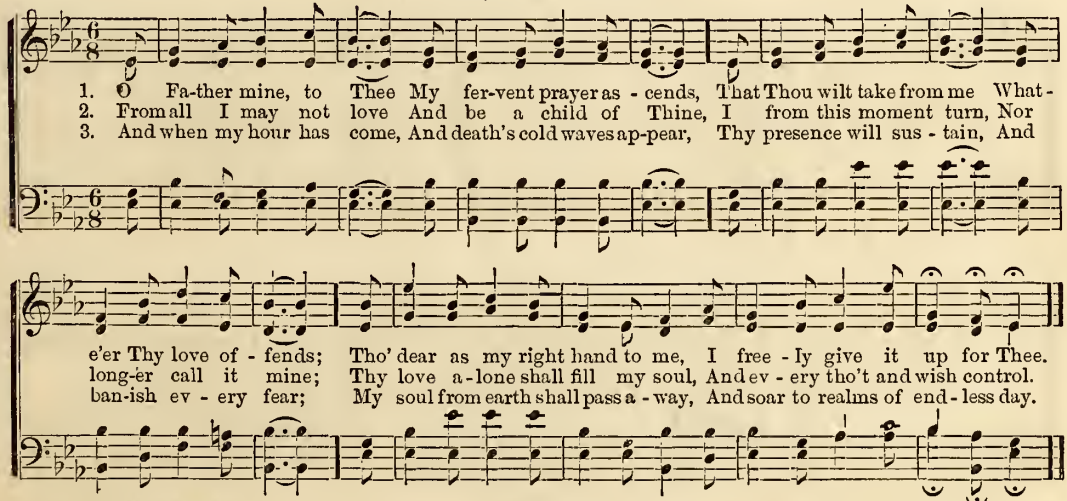
## Beautiful Golden Grain.—Concluded.




## O Father Mine.

W. S. Let him deny himself.—Matt. 16: 24. WM. STEVENSON.

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# Be Not Weary.

EMILY C. PEARSON. Be not weary in well doing. —Gal. 6: 9. W. H. DOANE.

1. When the clouds are gath'ring round thee, Look above and trust in God; Be not weary of thy la - bor,
2. Take thy place among the workers, In the fields of whitening grain; Take thy place and bear thy burden,
3. Call the ma-ny that surround thee, All the need - y, faint, un - fed, From the high ways and the hedges,

Tread the path thy Saviour trod; Be not wea - ry, Be not weary, Toil, en - dure, and reap re - ward;
Thou shalt bear it not in vain; Be not wea - ry, Be not weary, Thou a rich reward shalt gain;
To the Gos-pel Banquet spread; Be not wea - ry, Be not weary, Break for them the liv - ing bread;

Be not weary, be not weary, Toil, endure, and reap reward.
Be not weary, be not weary, Thou a rich reward shalt gain.
Be not weary, be not weary. Break for them the living bread.

4 Faint not, fear not; night's dark shadows,
One by one, shall pass away;
Look! behold the dawn of morning
Breaks with bright and cheering ray;
Be not weary,
God will bring the promised day.

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# The wide world for Jesus.

OLIVER CRANE, D. D. — Preach the gospel to every creature.—Mark. 16: 15. — ROBERT LOWRY.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! For His is its do-main, And His is the do-
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! O Church of Christ, a-wake! Put on thy strength, O
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Re-joice, ye saints, a-new! For bright-ly scenes pro-

min - ion, From sea to sea to reign; To Him the kings of She - ba Their roy - al
Zi - on, Thy posts of du - ty take; Go forth up - on thy mis - sion, In Je - sus'
phet - ic Are loom - ing in - to view; The world from sleep is wak - ing, To sink in

gifts shall bring, And isles a - far their trib - ute Shall ren - der to their King.
name a - lone, Till earth, with all her mil - lions, His sov-'reign - ty shall own.
night no more, For Je - sus soon, tri - umph-ant, Shall reign from shore to shore.

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# Marching on to Zion.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Be glad, ye children of Zion.—Joel 2: 23. W. H. DOANE.

1. We are chil - dren of a King, Marching on to Zi - on; O the songs of joy we sing, On our jour - ney home; Will you go with us to - day, Marching on to Zi - on, Where the King will lead the way, On our jour - ney home?
2. Toil and dan - ger we shall meet, Marching on to Zi - on; Thorns will pierce our wea - ry feet, On our jour - ney home; Yet the King His own will cheer, Marching on to Zi - on; O how oft His words we hear, On our jour - ney home.
3. True and faith - ful let us be, Marching on to Zi - on, Till our eyes the King shall see, On our jour - ney home; Hark, He bids us watch and wait, Marching on to Zi - on; Till we reach the pearl - y gate, On our jour - ney home.

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REFRAIN.

Zi - on, Zi - on, Marching on to Zi - on; Soon we'll enter the pearl - y gate, Soon we'll gather home.

## See the Sparkling Water.

He watereth the hills.—Ps. 104 : 13. J. WM. SUFFERN.

1. See the sparkling wa-ter, Flow-ing now so free, Dancing down the hill-side, Winding o'er the lea;
2. O the crys-tal wa-ter, How we love the sight Of its waving beau - ty In the sun's fair light!
3. Pure, life-giv-ing wa-ter, Flow-ing free for all! In its draught no serpent Lurks to cause our fall;

Bring-ing health and vig - or To the toil-ing man, Flashing in the sunlight, Free from poison's ban.
Ev - ery drop pel - lu - cid Sparkles like a gem, Brightest of the jew - els In a di - a - dem.
Sing aloud its prais - es O - ver land and sea; Pure and sparkling wa-ter Is the drink for me.

By permission.

# With Joy we Tread.

Rev. K. B. GLIDDEN. Into his courts with praise.—Ps. 100: 4. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. With joy Thine earth-ly courts we tread, And here we wor-ship Thee, Who left the re - gions of the dead For im - mor - tal - i - ty; Our thank-ful voic - es here we raise To Him who reigns a - bove; We bring the trib - ute of our praise For Thy re - deem-ing love.
2. To Thee, O Lord, we join in prayer, To Thee we raise our song; We hear the pre-cepts of Thy word, Where all Thy peo-ple throng; In the dear name of Christ our King, We to the Fa - ther pray; Con - trite and bro - ken hearts we bring, On this most ho - ly day.
3. Lord, meet us in this ho - ly place, Thy dwell-ing here be - low; Re - fresh us with Thy rich-est grace, And set our hearts a - glow— A - glow with sweet and fer - vent love For all Thy goodness shown; And raise us from this low - er world To Thy ce - les - tial throne.

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# All Along.

Mrs. A. E. Andrews. I will teach you the good and right way.—1 Sam. 12: 23. W. H. Doane.

1. Jesus came and sought me, Into life He brought me, Taught my grateful heart to sing The glad new song;
2. By His love at-tend-ed, By His grace defend-ed, Ev-ery day He crowneth me With joy and song;
3. When the shadows gather O'er the lonely riv - er, When I hear the ech - o Of the an - gels' song,—

Praise and glory giv-ing Christ, the ever liv - ing, Praise to Him whose mercy leads me All a - long.
Should the way be dreary, I can nev - er wea - ry, Trusting Him who gen-tly leads me All a - long.
Sweet will be the morning, Eden's land a - dorning; Sweet-er far the love that led me All a - long.

Fine.

D.S. *Still the cloud is o'er me, Go - ing on be - fore me; Step by step the light I fol - low; Praise the Lord.*

Refrain.

All a - long, All a - long; Though I wander through the desert, Praise the Lord;

All a-long my journey, All a-long my journey,

D. S.

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# Jesus is Mine.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. My beloved is mine.—Cant. 2: 16. Robert Lowry.

1. Je - sus is mine, for - ev - er mine—Not for a fleet - ing day, But when the earth and
2. Je - sus is mine, for - ev - er mine—Then let me now re - joice; Let glad - ness fill my
3. Je - sus is mine, for - ev - er mine—What rap-ture must it be, When dark - ly thro' a

sea and skies And stars have pass'd a - way; He makes the prom-ise in His word, To
trust - ing heart, And tune my fal - tering voice; Let anx - ious care be laid a - side, And
glass no more His glo - ry I shall see! When, in a land of cloudless skies And

all who will be - lieve; And grace suf - fi - cient for the day, He binds Him - self to give.
banished ev - ery fear; If Christ is mine, and I am His, What dan-ger can be near?
clear ce - les - tial light, I shall be - hold His love - ly face, And wor-ship in His sight.

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# Golden Gate of Prayer.

Rev. J. E. Rankin. Daily at the gate of the temple.—Acts. 3: 2. Oren R. Barrows.

1. At the gold-en gate of prayer I wait, The Lord my King ad - dressing, Till He draw near my
2. For the King I seek is kind and meek, Tho' He is high and ho - ly; He knows us well, and
3. At the gold-en gate of prayer I wait, In God's own way ap - pointed, Till He in grace un -

Chorus.

suit to hear, And grant His roy - al bless-ing. Gold-en gate, gold-en gate, The
loves to dwell With hum - ble hearts and low - ly.
veil His face In Christ, His own A - nointed.

Gold - en, gold - en gate,

gold - en gate of prayer; Watch and wait, Watch and wait, The Lord will meet me there.

Watch, O watch and wait,

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# I was Glad.

Miss F. G. Browning. Let us go into the house of the Lord.—Ps. 122: 1. Robert Lowry.

1. I was glad when they said un - to me, Let us go to the house of the Lord, For my
2. I was glad when I en-tered thy gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem, cit - y of God; Here the
3. I will pray for thy peace, blessed home, And that plen-ty with - in thee be found; For to

heart was so thirst - y for Thee, And so hun - gry to feed on Thy word.
prom - ise of Is - ra - el waits, In the courts where the fa - thers have trod.
thee in my hun - ger I come, Where the grace of my God doth a - bound.

Refrain.

I was glad, I was glad, Glad to go to the house of the Lord;

I was glad, I was glad, I was glad,

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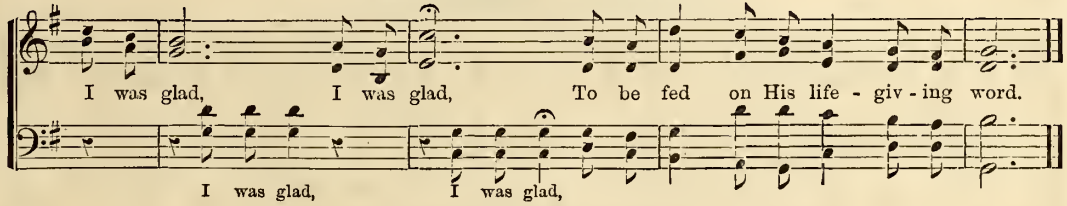
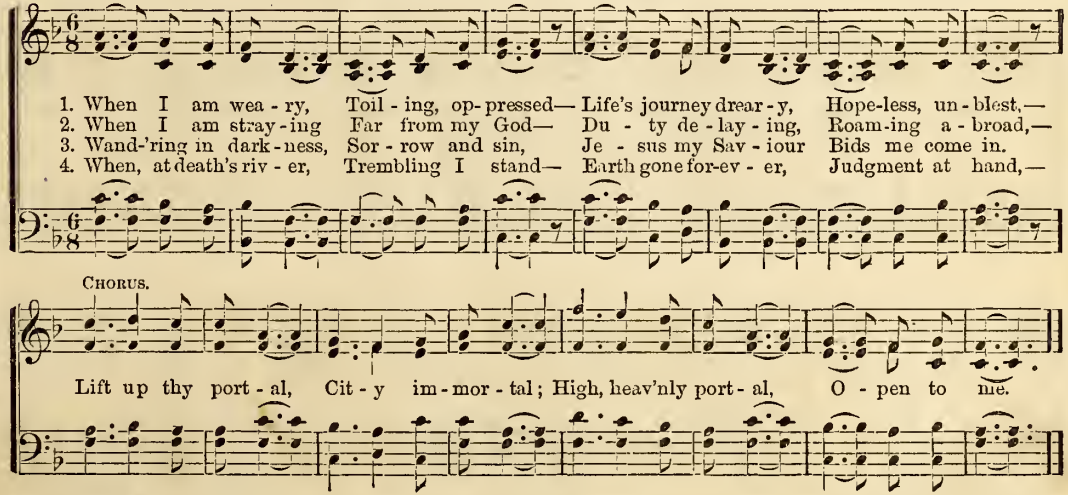
## I was Glad.—Concluded.




## Lift up thy Portal.

D. B. P. Lift up your heads, O ye gates.—Ps. 24: 7. D. B. PURINTON.

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# Precious Promises.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Exceeding great and precious promises.—2d Peter 1: 4. T. Frank Allen.

1. There are pre - cious prom - i - ses, Rays of heav'n - ly light, Shin - ing on our path - way here, Break-ing through the night. O the pre - cious prom - i - ses!
2. There are pre - cious prom - i - ses, Rich - es all di - vine, Gems of rar - est beau - ty seen, Gold from deep - est mine.
3. There are pre - cious prom - i - ses, Bread for all who need, Plen - ty from the stores a - bove, Starv - ing souls to feed.

Chorus.

Take them while you may; Great and pre - cious prom - i - ses, Free and full to - day.

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# Gather them In.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.—Luke 14: 23. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Gath-er them in, for there yet is room At the feast that a King has spread; O gath-er them
2. Gath-er them in, for there yet is room; But our hearts, how they throb with pain, To think of the
3. Gath-er them in, for there yet is room, 'Tis a mes-sage from God a - bove; O gath-er them

CHORUS.

in, let His house be filled, And the hun-gry and poor be fed. Out in the highway, out in the by-way,
ma - ny who slight the call That may nev-er be heard a - gain.
in to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Saviour's love.

Out in the dark depths of sin, Go forth, go forth with a lov-ing heart, And gather the wand'rers in.

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# This my Story.

FANNY J. CROSBY. The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. 6 : 14. W. H. DOANE.

1. O the bless-ed cross of Christ my sto - ry! There a heav - y lad - en soul he found me;
2. O the bless-ed cross of Christ my sto - ry! There He cleansed me in the fount of heal - ing;
3. O the bless-ed cross of Christ my sto - ry! Though I tell it o'er and o'er for - ev - er,

With the ten - der chords of love He bound me, Turned my sor - row in - to joy and song.
And the won-ders of His grace re - veal - ing, Clothed my spir - it in a robe of praise.
Yet my thank-ful heart shall wea - ry nev - er Of a sto - ry that I love so well.

CHORUS.

To the cross will I cling, Till I reach the gold-en cit - y of glo - ry;
To the cross (to the cross) will I cling (will I cling),

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## This my Story.—Concluded.

To the cross will I cling..... Till my Sav-iour's crown of life I wear.

To the blessed cross I'll cling, To the blessed cross I'll cling,

## They Build upon the Rolling Sand.

MRS. A. M. NAYLOR. A foolish man, who built his house upon the sand.—Mat. 7: 26. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. They build up - on the rolling sand, A tottering house that will not stand, Who place in works their trust;
2. 'Tis not by works that we have done, But thro' our faith in Christ a-lone, That we can be se-cure;
3. Then let us not with earnest care A worthless building strive to rear, And la - bor thus in vain;

And in the dark and stormy day, Their frail support shall fall a - way, And crumble in - to dust.
While on this sure founda-tion laid, No storm can make the soul a-fraid, For its defense is sure.
But fix our faith and hope a - lone Up - on that precious corner-stone Which ev-er shall re main.

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# No one, save Jesus Only.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. They saw no man, save Jesus only.—Matt. 17: 8. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. No one, save Je-sus on - ly, Can bear my sins a - way; No one, save Je-sus on - ly,—And un - to
2. No one, save Je-sus on - ly, Can pu - ri - fy my soul; No one, save Je-sus on - ly, Can make my
3. No one, save Je-sus on - ly, Can bear my soul a - bove; No one, save Je-sus on - ly, Can fill it

REFRAIN.

Him I pray; No one can cleanse this heart of sin, And make it white as snow; No one save Je - sus
spir - it whole; No one can fit it for the skies, Or du - ty here be - low;
with His love; No one can make its hap-pi - ness As streams e - ter - nal flow;

on - ly, No one save Je - sus on - ly, No one save Je - sus on - ly,—And un - to Him I go.

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# Rest and Home.

W. O. CUSHING. Ye shall find rest for your souls.—Jer. 6: 16. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Waiting still what - e'er be - tide, Oft in toil-some paths and wide, Till the bless - ed
2. Waiting till the war shall cease, And the war - rior find re - lease, 'Till the even - ing
3. Waiting still I can - not fear, With my Sav - iour al - ways near, 'Till the vic - tory's

REFRAIN.

e - ven - tide Bring me rest, sweet rest and home. Rest and home, sweet rest and home;
time of peace Bring me rest, sweet rest and home.
song of cheer Bring me rest, sweet rest and home.

Dear heavenly home; Day by day I near - er come To my rest and home.

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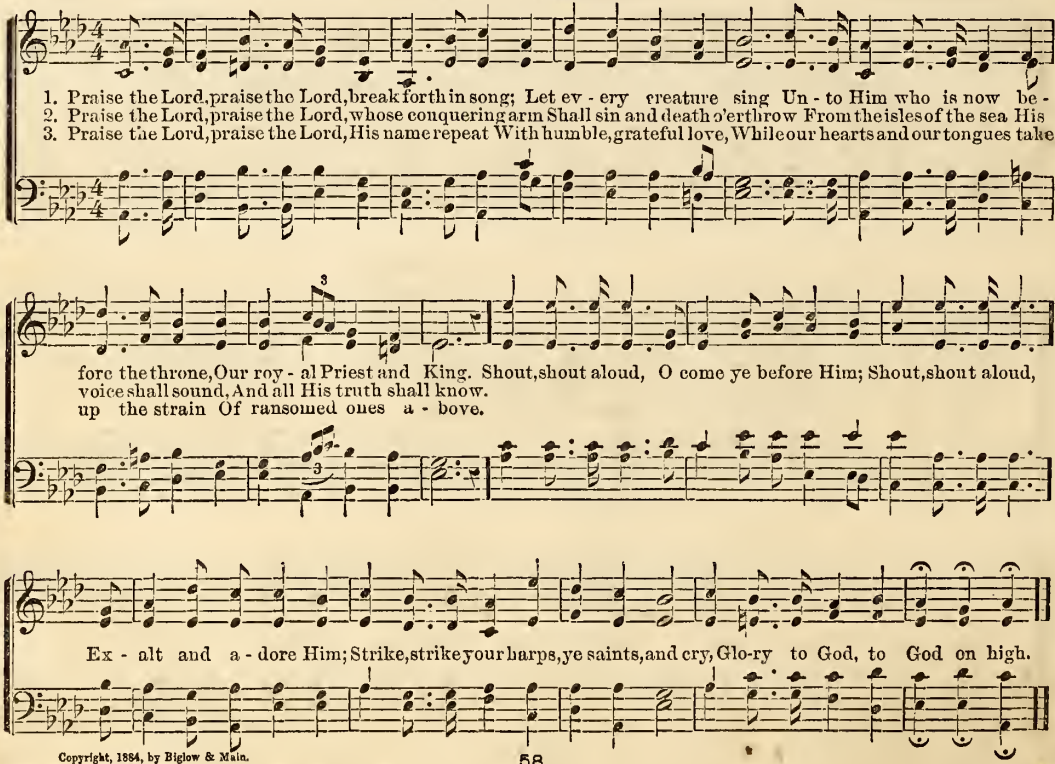
# Praise the Lord, Break forth in Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "My lips shall praise thee."—Ps. 63: 3. W. H. DOANE.

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# The Master is calling for you. 59

RUTH HARMON. Go work to-day in my vineyard.—Matt. 21: 28. REV. SAMUEL ALMAN.

1. A - wake! for the Mas - ter is call - ing, A - rise, and to la - bor a - way; Al - read - y the
2. Go train up the vines that are ly - ing Where weeds of deep sor-row have grown; Go scat - ter the
3. Hark, hear ye the song of the reap - ers? Go join in the soul-cheering strain; Make haste, for the

morning is breaking, Go work in the vineyard to - day; No time to be i - dle or slumber; Go
dew of af - fec - tion Where discord and strife have been sown; No time to be i - dle or slumber; Go
sum - mer is wan-ing, Go work in the vineyard a - gain; No time to be i - dle or slumber; Go

forth, for the workers are few; O Christian, the Mas-ter is call-ing, The Mas-ter is calling for you.
forth, for the workers are few; Back-slider, re - turn to your du - ty, The Mas-ter is calling for you.
forth, for the workers are few; O sinner there's room in the vineyard, The Mas-ter is calling for you.

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# Christ hath Risen.

MAUD MARION. The Lord is risen indeed.—Luke 24: 34. B. C. UNSELD.

1. Joy! a - gain the earth is wak - ing, Joy profound, joy profound; From the
2. On His Res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, Grand-ly bright, grand - ly bright, Floods of
3. Mor - tal tongues their songs are blending, Songs of love, songs of love; Shouts of

joy profound, joy profound;

CHORUS.

gold - en port - als breaking, Hear the wel - come sound. Christ hath ris - - en, wondrous
peace, the world a - dorn - ing, Bathe the soul in light.
praise the skies are rending, Praise to God a - bove.

Christ hath ris - en,

sto - ry; Christ hath ris - - en, Prince of Glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! an - gels say, From the

Christ hath risen,

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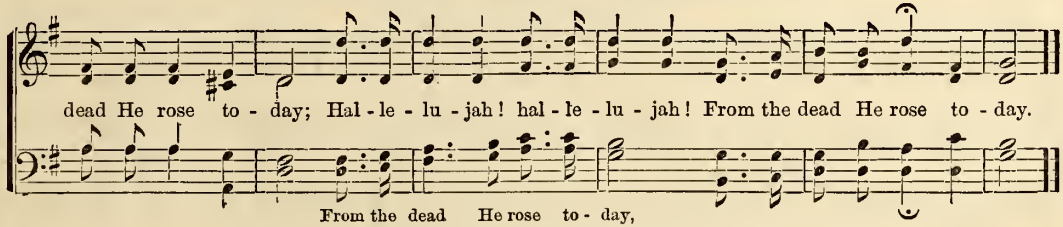
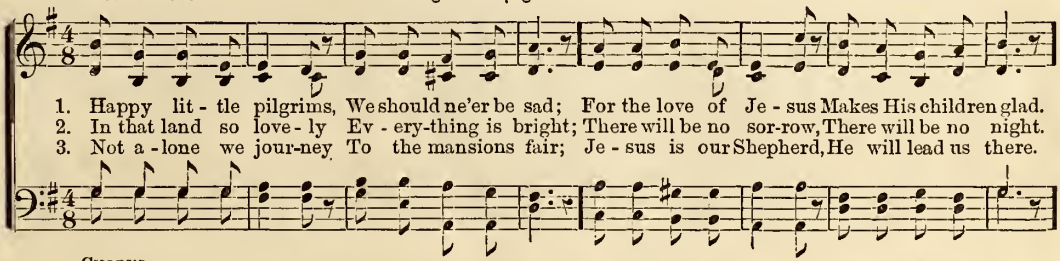
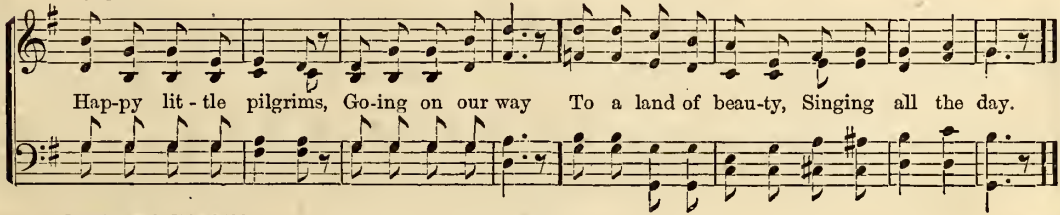



## Happy Little Pilgrims.

GRACE J. FRANCES. Strangers and pilgrims.—Heb. 11: 13. HUBERT P. MAIN.




CHORUS.

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# Little Friends of Jesus. (Primary Dept.)

MINNIE B. LOWRY. Greet the friends.—John 3: 14. W. H. DOANE.

1. We are lit - tle friends of Je - sus, On the road from earth to heaven; We have just com -
2. Help us each to be a sunbeam, Or a star to shine so bright, In the cor - ners,
3. God has left to us a mission, Work to do with all our heart; We must fill our

REFRAIN.

menced the mis - sion Which to us the Lord has given. Yes, we know sweet rest a-waits us,
by the way - side, Turn - ing dark-ness in - to light.
hands with kind-ness, While our lips His love im - part.

*rit.*

By and by, when life is o'er: He will guide our lit - tle foot-steps To the bright and shining shore.

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# When the Bridegroom cometh.



EBEN E. REXFORD. Behold, the bridegroom cometh.—Matt. 25: 6. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. When the Bridegroom cometh, At dawn, or dark of day, May we be read - y, waiting, For
2. When the Bridegroom cometh, What if our lamps burn dim? There'll be no time to fill them,—Too

CHO. *When the Bridegroom com-eth, For us He will not wait; Get read-y then to meet Him, Be-*

FINE.

He will not de - lay; Put on the wedding garment, He may be drawing nigh; A-
late the light to trim; He told us He was com-ing, And bade us read-y be; If

*fore it is too late.*

D. C. CHO.

las for us, my brother, If He should pass us by!
He should go with-out us, A - las for you and me!

3.

When the Bridegroom cometh,
We'll meet Him at the gate,
All ready for the journey;
For us He need not wait;
So bring the wedding garment,
He may be very near;
And fill the lamp and trim it
Before the Lord is here.

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# Evening Hymn.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath."—Isa. 52: 2. W. H. DOANE.

DUET.

1. Peace-ful - ly, tran-quil - ly, passing a - way, Yon - der the light of the dear Sabbath day;
2. Thanks for Thy ho - ly word, gracious-ly given; Thanks for the nar - row way leading to heav'n;
3. Si - lent - ly, pen - sive - ly, evening draws near; Voic - es in cho - rus sweet, gently we hear;
4. Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly, now, on Thy breast, Hold us in safe - ty, Lord, fold us to rest;

QUARTET.

Peace-ful - ly, tranquil - ly, passing a - way, Yon - der the light of the dear Sabbath day.
Thanks for Thy ho - ly word, gracious-ly given; Thanks for the nar - row way leading to heav'n.
Si - lent - ly, pensive - ly, evening draws near; Voic - es in cho - rus sweet, gen-tly we hear.
Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly, now, on Thy breast, Hold us in safe - ty, Lord, fold us to rest.

CHORUS.

Father, we turn to Thee, seeking Thy aid; O, may our trust in Thee ev - er be staid.

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# O Rock of Refuge.



C. W. Ray, D.D. — My God is the rock of my refuge.—Ps. 94: 22. — Robert Lowry.

1. O Rock of Refuge, Saviour, Friend, O'er me Thy shelt'ring arms ex-tend, And ev - er - more my soul de - fend; O hear, and shel - ter me; With trembling hope to Thee I fly, Do not my ea - ger suit de - ny; Re-ceive me, save me, or I die; I trust a - lone in Thee.
2. O Rock of Refuge, in Thy grace Receive me to Thy blest embrace; Grant me the longed-for hid - ing place; Else-where I can - not go; In Thy dear bo - som let me hide, And ev - er - more in Thee a - bide; No ill shall then my soul be-tide, Nor fear of com - ing woe.
3. O Rock of Refuge, Thou canst give A - bid - ing rest, and bid me live; A wea - ry, help-less fu - gi - tive, Let me Thy shel - ter claim; No foe Thy presence shall in - vade, Or ev - er make my soul a-fraid; Se - cure with-in Thy gracious shade, I sing of Thy dear name.

By permission.

# Happy Beulah Land.

D. B. P. Here we have no continuing city.—Heb. 13: 14. D. B. PURINTON.

1. We are a lit - tle pil-grim band, Trav'ling on, trav'ling on; We are a hap - py
2. We are a lit - tle sol-dier band, Marching on, marching on; We are a fear - less
3. We are a lit - tle working band, Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; We are a bus - y
4. We are a lit - tle Christian band, Hop - ing on, pray-ing on; We are an ear - nest

CHORUS.

pil - grim band, Gay - ly trav'l-ing on. On to the shores of the Beu - lah land, The hap - py
sol - dier band, Brave-ly marching on.
work-ing band, Glad - ly toil - ing on.
Christian band, Hop - ing, pray - ing on.

land, the heavenly land; On to the shores of the Beu - lah land, The hap - py Beu - lah land.

From "Holy Voices," by per.

# O Praise the Lord, my soul. 67

W. O. CUSHING. Bless the Lord, O my soul.—Ps. 104 : 1. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Let all with - in me praise the name Of heaven's all-gracious King; His truth and love my
2. How dark this heart of sin would be, Without one cheer-ing ray! But Je - sus comes, the
3. O breathe Thy ho - ly Gift a - gain, Come shed Thy love di - vine; We long to praise Thee

REFRAIN.

tongue will tell, And all His won-ders sing. O praise the Lord, His good - ness own;
Star of Hope, And brings ce - les - tial day.
more and more, And in Thy glo - ry shine.

Wide let the ti - dings roll; His mer - cy brings sal - va-tion down; O praise the Lord, my soul!

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# Let me sing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I will sing to the Lord.—Ps. 13: 6. W. H. DOANE.

1. Let me sing, the Lord has blessed me, Let me spread the tidings round; He from death to life has
2. At His feet I cried for mer - cy, At His feet my guilt confessed; There I took His yoke up-
3. Wake, my soul, and all with - in me! Je - sus in thy song a - dore; His the kingdom, power, and

REFRAIN.

brought me, I was lost, but now am found. Let me sing, ..... my heart is bounding With the
on me, Learned of Him, and found my rest.
glo - ry, Now, henceforth, and ev-er-more.

Let me sing, let me sing, my heart is bounding now,

full-ness of de-light; Je - sus' blood..... from sin has cleansed me, He has washed my garments white.

Je - sus' blood, Jesus' blood from sin has cleansed me,

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# He Giveth His Children Rest.



W. A. OGDEN. There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. 4 : 9. W. A. OGDEN.

1. In the mansions e - ter - nal, Je - sus is there our home to prepare; In the mansions e -
2. In the mansions e - ter - nal, Sorrow and care ne'er en - ter - eth there; In the mansions e -
3. In the mansions e - ter - nal, Faithful and sure His prom-is - es are; In the mansions e -

CHO.—*In the mansions e - ter - nal, Je - sus is there our home to pre - pare; In the mansions e -*

FINE.

ter - nal, "He giv - eth His chil - dren rest." Ten - der - ly He calls to thee,
ter - nal, "He giv - eth His chil - dren rest." Winds and waves o - bey His will,
ter - nal, "He giv - eth His chil - dren rest." Tho' a pil - grim here be - low,

*ter - nal, "He giv - eth His chil - dren rest."*

D. C. CHO.

"Heav - y lad - en, come to me;" Trust-ing in His power di - vine, Endless life is thine.
When He murmurs, "Peace, be still;" Troubled heart with sor-row pressed, He will give thee rest.
On - ward to my home I go, To the land for - ev - er bright; Je - sus is its light.

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# Sound the Trumpet.

R. L. Make the trumpet sound throughout all your land.—Lev. 25: 9. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sound the trumpet thro' the land, At the gates of Zi - on stand; All the debt of
2. Sound the trumpet loud and clear, Send its ech - oes far and near; Tell the dy - ing
3. Sound the trumpet; let it bring Hope and love like breath of spring; Nev - er came a

CHORUS.

sin is paid, Christ is on the al - tar laid. Full re - demption now proclaim,
sons of men, Life has come to earth a - gain.
sweet - er tone From the height of Mer - cy's throne.

Par - don free in Je - sus' name; God's a - ton - ing work is done; Tell the ti - dings, ev - ery one.

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# Flowing for Thee.



WILLIAM BENNETT. Living fountains of waters.—Rev. 7 : 17. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. O come to the fountain of mer - cy and love, Whose pure healing wa - ter so gen - tly doth move;
2. Come hither, sad mourner, by sor - row oppress'd, Draw nigh to this fountain, and you shall find rest;
3. Come, weary and lad - en with trouble of heart, O come to the fountain, come just as thou art;

It flows from the Saviour's side plenteous and free; O come, guilt-y sin - ner, 'tis flowing for thee.
O trust in the Saviour, whose love flows so free; Come hither, sad mourner, 'tis flowing for thee.
Drink deep of its wa - ters, re - freshing and free; Par-take of its ful - ness, 'tis flowing for thee.

Flowing for thee, Flowing for thee; O come, guilt-y sin - ner, 'tis flowing for thee.
Flowing for thee, Flowing for thee; Come hith-er, sad mourner, 'tis flowing for thee.
Flowing for thee, Flowing for thee; Par-take of its ful - ness, 'tis flowing for thee
Flowing for thee, Flowing for thee.....

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# Wonderful Story.

D. W. H. — In the volume of the book it is written of me.— Heb. 10: 7. — D. W. HINMAN.

1. O tell me still more of the Saviour's great love,—Won der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry;
2. O tell me a - gain how He suffered and died,—Won-der - ful. won - der - ful sto - ry;

How He came from the home of His glo - ry a - bove,—Wonder - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry.
How for you and for me He was once cru - ci - fied,—Wonder - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry.

CHORUS.

Je - sus came down to this world for me, Je - sus was offered on Cal - va - ry, Je - sus is mighty to

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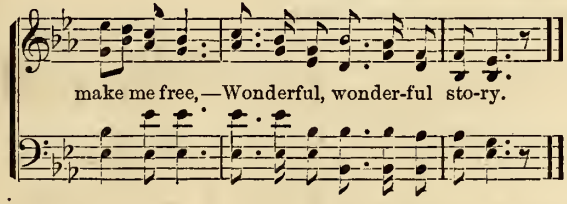
## Wonderful Story.—Concluded.

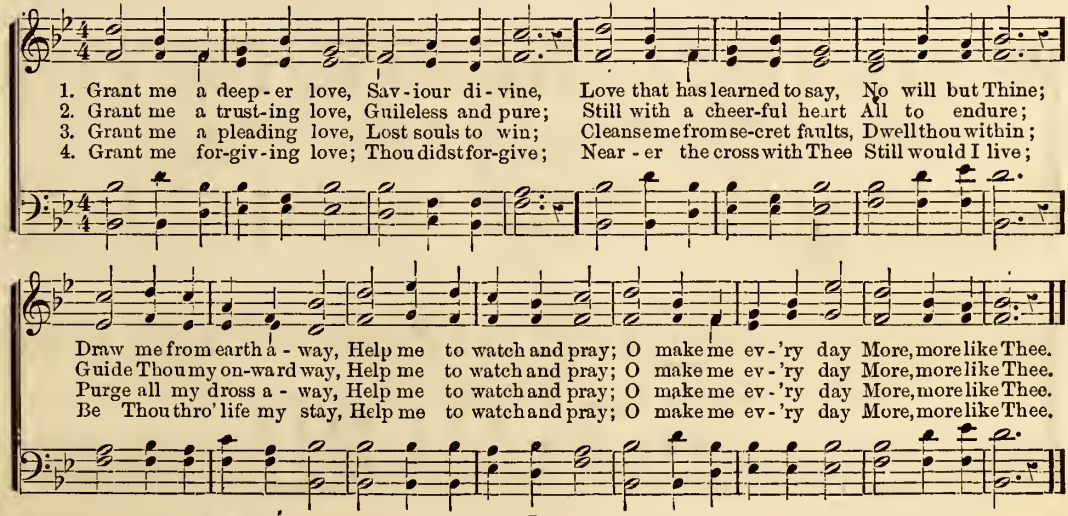



3.

O tell me once more of the merciful Lord,—
Wonderful, wonderful story;
Of the promises precious you find in His word,—
Wonderful, wonderful story.—Cho.

## More, more like Thee.

Mrs. Edna L. Park. We shall be like him.—1 John. 3: 2. W. H. Doane.

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# He is Abundantly Able to Save.

Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.—Eph. 3: 20.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. P. P. Bliss.

1. Who-ev - er re - ceiv-eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who-ev - er be - liev - eth on God's on - ly Son,
2. Who-ev - er re - ceiv-eth the message of God, And trusts in the pow'r of the soul cleansing blood,
3. Who-ev - er re-pents and forsakes ev - ery sin, And opens his heart for the Lord to come in,

A free and a per - fect sal - va-tion shall have, For He is a - bun-dant - ly a - ble to save.
A full and e - ter - nal redemption shall have, For He is both a - ble and will-ing to save.
A pres-ent and per - fect sal - vation shall have, For Je - sus is read - y this moment to save.

Chorus.

My broth - er, the Mas - - ter is call-ing for thee;..... His grace and His
Brother, the Master is call-ing, is calling for thee;

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mer - - cy are wondrous - ly free;..... His blood as a ran - - som
Brother, His grace and His mer - cy are wondrously free; Brother, His blood as

for sinners He gave,..... And He is a - bun - - dant - ly a - ble to save.
a ran-som for sinners He gave, And He is a-bundant-ly a - ble to save.

## Day by Day.

EVA T. POOLE. Every day will I bless thee.—Ps. 145 : 21. W. H. DOANE.

1. Trust to the Lord to hide thee, Wait on the Lord to guide thee; So shall no ill betide thee, Day by day.
2. Rise with His fear before thee, Tell of the love He bore thee; Sleep with His shadow o'er thee, Day by day.
3. Clouds with their silver lining, Sorrow and joy entwining, Thro' them the Lord is shining, Day by day.
4. Such may be thy surrounding; Still let His praise be sounding, Praise for His grace abounding, Day by day.

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# Shall we Meet?

D. B. P. — An entrance shall be ministered to you abundantly.—2 Pet. 1: 11. — D. B. PURINTON.

1. Say, shall we meet, and for - ev - er and ev - er, Dwell with delight in the land of the fair—
2. Say, shall we find in that fair land im-mor - tal, Those we have cherish'd but lost by the way?

*f.* — FINE.

Meet on the bank of the pure crys-tal riv - er, En - ter the realms of the blest o - ver there?
Will they re - ceive us with joy at the port - al, Ho - ly and hap - py for - ev - er and aye?

D. S.—*meet and rejoice with our loved ones for-ev - er— O how we long, how we long to be there!*

CHORUS. — D. S.

Yes, we shall meet, our Saviour to greet, In that land so bright and fair, over there; We shall

From "Holy Voices," by per.

# We shall reach the Sunny Shore. 77

R. L

So shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 Thess. 4: 17.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. We shall reach the sun - ny shore, By and by;..... We shall sor - row nev - er more,
2. When the race of life is run, By and by;..... And the crown of glo - ry won,

By and by,

By and by; We shall walk with Him in white, In the land of heavenly light;
By and by; O how sweet to find a rest, With our Lord, a - mong the blest;

By and by;

We shall dwell with Him for - ev - er, By and by.
We shall dwell with Him for - ev - er, By and by.

3 When the storms of earth are past,
By and by;
We shall be at home at last,
By and by;
But the sweetest joy will be,
When the face of Christ we see;
We shall dwell with Him forever,
By and by.

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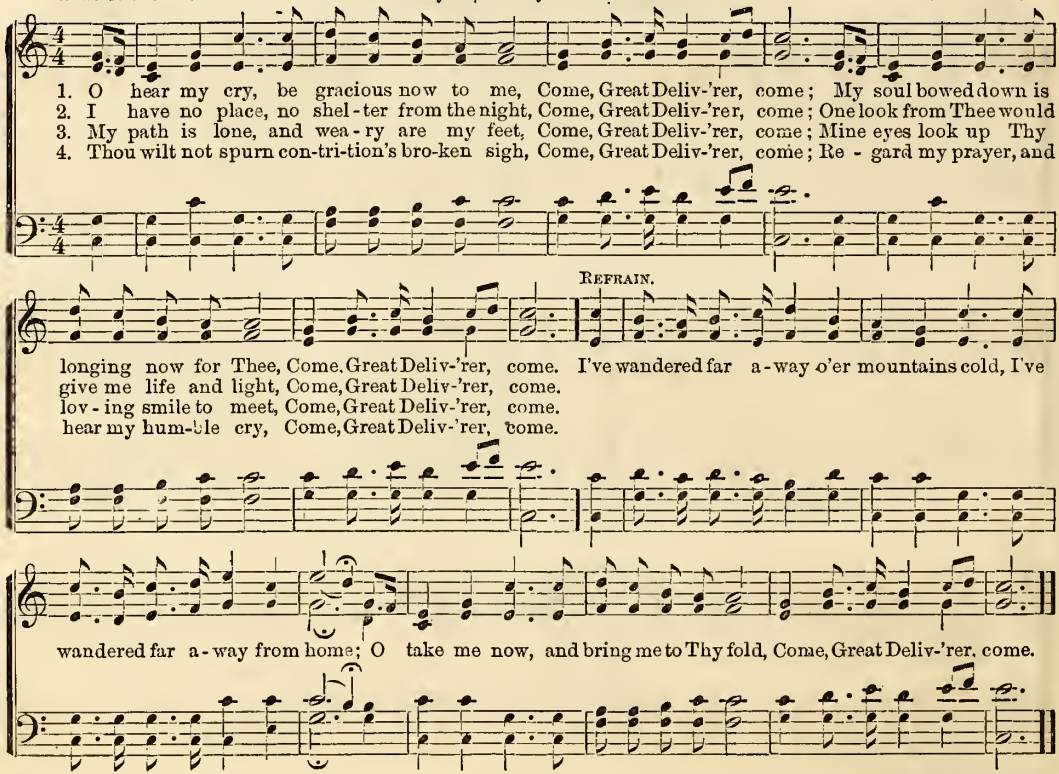
# Come, Great Deliverer, come.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Thou art my help and my deliverer.—Ps. 40 : 17. W. H. DOANE.

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# Trusting wholly in Thy Word.



MARY F. KIRBY. We should not trust in ourselves, but in God.—2 Cor. 1: 9. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Trust-ing whol - ly in Thy word, Mas-ter, I would come to Thee; Thou a . lone canst make me clean, Thou from sin canst set me free. Trust - ing whol - ly, Lord, in Thee, In Thy mer - cy look on me; Trusting whol - ly, Lord, in Thee, In Thy mer - cy look on me.
2. Trust-ing whol - ly in Thy love, Love be-yond all mor - tal ken; Love en - dur - ing shame and death, Love re - deem-ing sin - ful men.
3. Trust-ing whol - ly in Thy grace, Wondrous, yet di-vine - ly free; All unwor - thy, yet I come, Find-ing righteous-ness in Thee.

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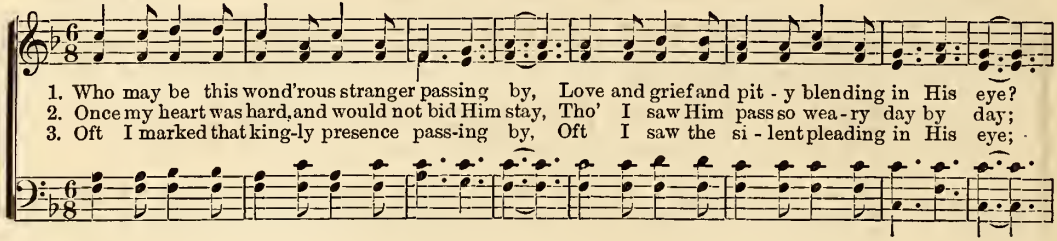
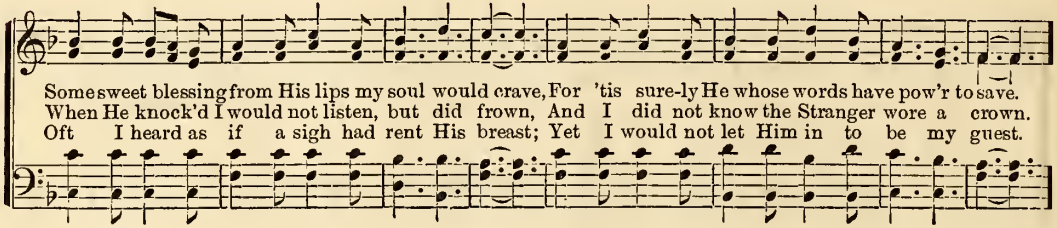
# Wondrous Stranger.

W. O. CUSHING. I was a stranger.—Matt. 25: 43. ROBERT LOWRY.

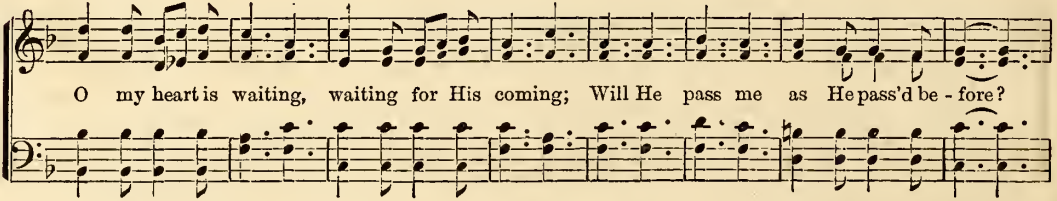


1. Who may be this wond'rous stranger passing by, Love and grief and pit - y blending in His eye?
2. Once my heart was hard, and would not bid Him stay, Tho' I saw Him pass so wea - ry day by day;
3. Oft I marked that king-ly presence pass-ing by, Oft I saw the si - lent pleading in His eye;



Some sweet blessing from His lips my soul would crave, For 'tis sure-ly He whose words have pow'r to save.
When He knock'd I would not listen, but did frown, And I did not know the Stranger wore a crown.
Oft I heard as if a sigh had rent His breast; Yet I would not let Him in to be my guest.

CHORUS.



O my heart is waiting, waiting for His coming; Will He pass me as He pass'd be - fore?

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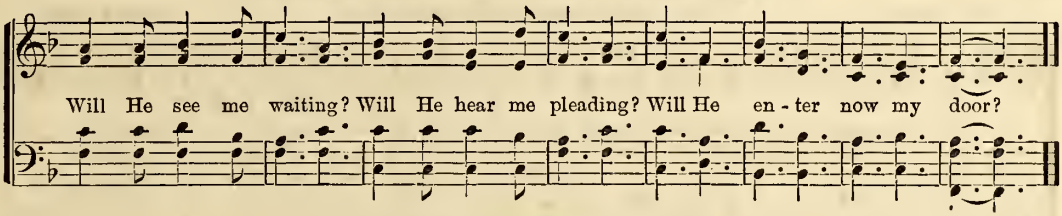
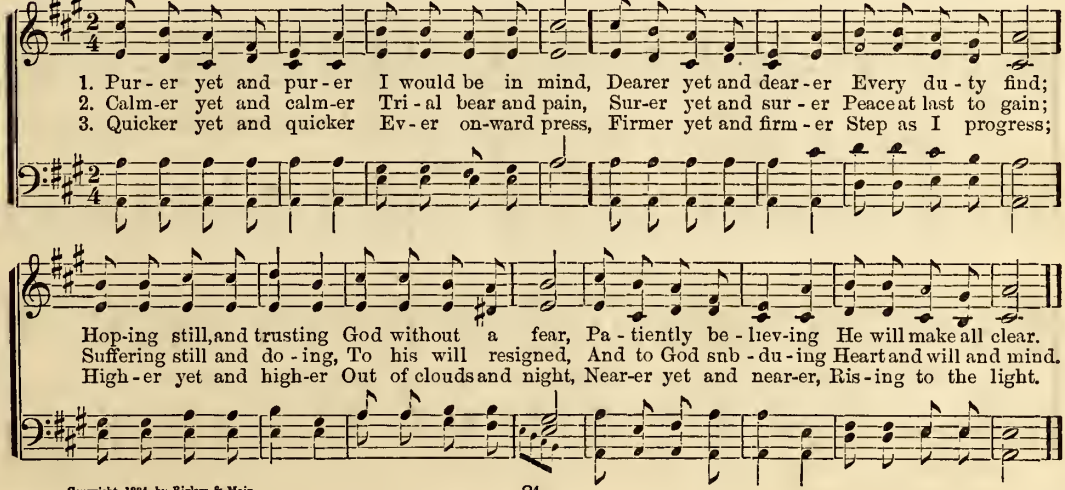



## Purer yet and purer.

ANON. Conformed to the image of his Son.—Rom. 8: 29. WM. B. BRADBURY.

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# Saviour, grant us now Thy Blessing.

WM. STEVENSON. There am I in the midst of them.—Matt. 18 : 20. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav - iour, grant us now thy blessing, Met to - geth - er in Thy name; All our sin and guilt con - fess - ing, We Thy promised pres-ence claim. Come, Lord, grant Thy blessing, Come, Lord, send Thy cheer; Come, Lord, grant Thy bless - ing, Let Thy pres - ence now ap - pear.

2. From our bur - dens, Lord, re - lieve us, Ev - ery wait - ing spir - it cheer; In Thine arms of love re - ceive us, Ban - ish ev - ery doubt and fear.

3. When on earth no more we gath - er, Grace and mer - cy to en - treat, In the kingdom of our Fa - ther May we all in glo - ry meet.

REFRAIN.

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# Hear the Master Say.



MARY C. SEWARD. Go work to-day in my vineyard.—Matt. 21: 28. THEO. F. SEWARD.

1st. 2nd. FINE.

1. Hear the Master say, "Go and work to-day, For the lab'rers still are few;"
Shall His earnest cry pass un-heed-ed by, When there's....(*Omit*)..... work for all to do?

2. Go! the hungry feed, and the wea-ry lead To the rest of Je-sus' love;
Tho' your strength be small, God is o-ver all, With a.....(*Omit*)..... blessing from above;

REF. D. C. *Hear the Master say, "Go and work to-day, For the lab'rers still are few;"*
*Shall His earnest cry pass un-heed-ed by, When there's .....(Omit)..... work for all to do?*

He has need of thee, and his ur-gent plea Is, "The harvest now is white;" Let us quickly haste
Seek for souls to win from the ways of sin; Work with cheerful heart and true; And the jew-els rare

D. C.

lest the sheaves lie waste, For too soon will come the night.
that have been your care, Shall at last be given to you.

3 Go and work to-day; O do not delay,
For the night is coming on;
And the least you do shall be blest to you,
If for Jesus it is done;
Tho' the seeds that fall may be few and small,
They shall not be sown in vain;
In the garnered sheaves, which the Lord receives,
Will be found the ripened grain.

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# What a Shout was Heard!

GRACE J. FRANCES. A multitude of the heavenly host praising God.—Luke 2: 13. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. What a shout was heard in the realms of light, When peace and truth, descending, With a marshal'd host in their
2. There was joy, great joy—'twas a glorious sight, The shepherds gazed in wonder, When the earth was filled with a

D. C. CHO.—*shout was heard in the realms of light, When peace and truth, descending, With a marshaled host in their*

FINE.

robes of white, Sang praise to God on high! O shout again, ye sons of men, Sing praise to God above, Till the
splendor bright, From God's eternal home. Great joy to-day, O let it ring As on that sacred morn, When the

*robes of white, Sang praise to God on high.*

CHORUS.

utmost bounds of the world shall wake One mighty song of love. Ring on, ye bells, ye chiming bells, Your
an - gel band in a far - off land Proclaimed the Savour born.

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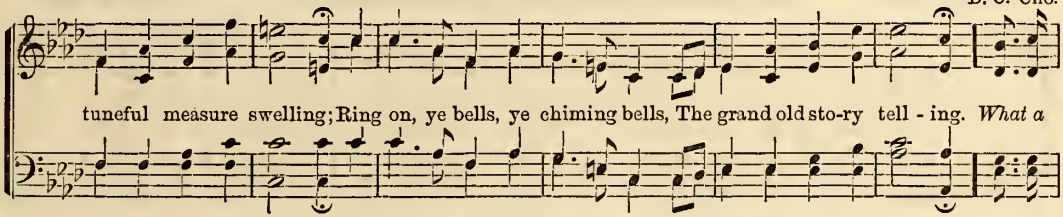
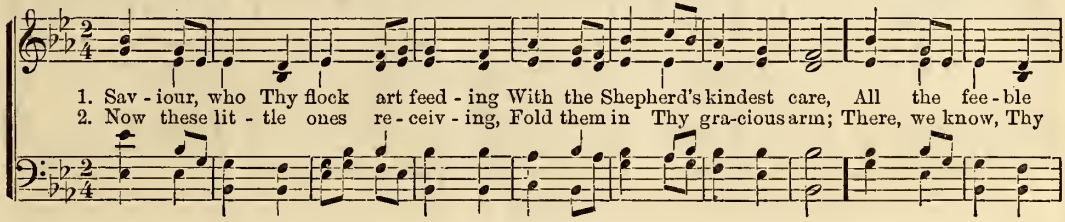
## What a Shout was Heard!—Concluded.

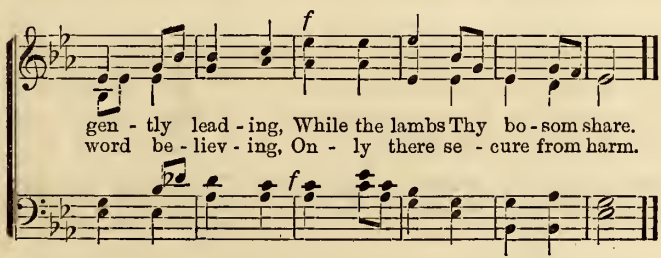
D. C. Cho.




## Saviour, who Thy Flock art Feeding.

Wm. A. Muhlenberg. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.—Ps. 23: 1. John Zundel, 1851.




3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them thro' life's dangerous way.

4 Then within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

# Jesus at the Well.

E. G. TAYLOR, D. D. Jesus, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well.—John 4: 6. W. H. DOANE.

1. How sweet from the scriptures the sto - ry we tell, Of Je - sus our Sav - iour who sat on the well;
2. O sweet were the wa - ters which came from the well Where Je-sus sat down, as the dear scriptures tell;
3. O Je - sus, our Mas - ter, who sat on the well, And taught this poor woman Thy sto - ry to tell,

And though He was wea - ry, He taught His sweet law So kind - ly to her who had come there to draw;
But sweeter, far sweeter and pur - er are they That flow from the well of sal - va - tion to - day;
We too would proclaim it wher - ev - er we go, That all who are thirst - y Thy goodness may know;

D. S. *But O, when He promised life's wa - ters so free, How quick - ly and glad - ly she knew it was He.*
D. S. *The soul cheering wa - ter that He shall be - stow, A well of sal - va - tion for - ev - er shall flow.*
D. S. *That wells of sal - va - tion in us may be found, That spring in - to life and for - ev - er a - bound.*

She knew not the stranger, nor e - ven could think 'Twas Je - sus who said to her, Give me to drink;
For Je - sus declared, and His word we be lieve, Who-ev - er the wa - ter of life will re-ceive,
O grant that like hers our pe - ti - tion may be, Lord, give us this wa - ter so sweet and so free,

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# Look up! Behold, the Fields are White. 87

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields.—John 4 : 35. Robert Lowry.

1. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is near; The summons of the
2. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest-ers are few; The gathering of the
3. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The Master soon shall come, And car-ry with re-

Mas-ter falls Up-on the reap-er's ear; Go forth in-to the gold-en grain, And
har-vest must By grace de-pend on you; Go forth throughout the bus-y world, The
joic-ing heart His gathered trophies home; And can you stand with emp-ty arms, While

bind the precious sheaves, And gar-ner for the Lord of Hosts The har-vest which He gives.
world of want and sin, And gath-er for the Lord of Hosts Its dy-ing mil-lions in.
glad-ly He re-ceives From oth-ers in the har-vest field A load of pre-cious sheaves?

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# The Border Land of Canaan.

MYRA JUDSON. Come to the bordere of Canaan.—Exod. 16: 35. W. H. DOANE.

1. When I sought the ear of the Strong to save, How He smil'd on me and my sins for-gave;
2. On the Bor - der Land there are songs that rise, There are scenes that burst on my raptur'd eyes,
3. There is more to see, there is more to know, For the way grows bright as I on - ward go;
4. When I cross with Him o - ver Jor - dan's tide, And be - hold His face on the oth - er side,

Now my faith clings fast to my Saviour's hand, And I walk with Him on the Bor-der Land.
Till my heart and soul with de - light ex - pand, While I walk with Him on the Bor-der Land.
There are dis - tant views of the gold - en strand, That my Sav - iour gives on the Bor-der Land.
With a shout of joy I will bless the hand That was still my Guide on the Bor-der Land.

REFRAIN.

On the Bor - - - - der Land of Ca - - naan, On the Bor - - - der Land of

On the Border Land of Canaan, hap - py Canaan, bright and fair; On the Border Land of Canaan, with my

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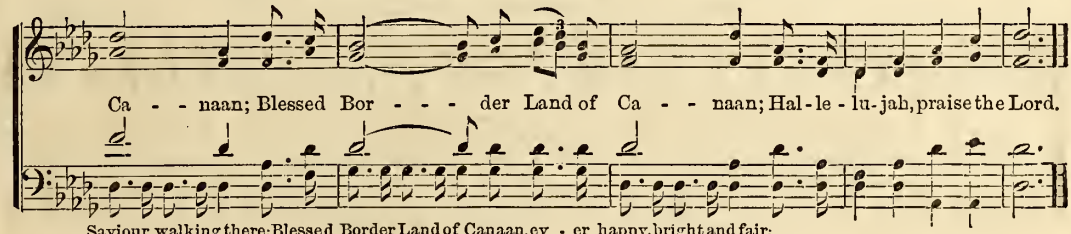
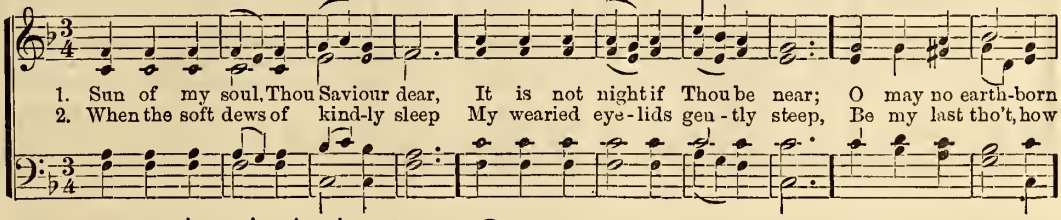
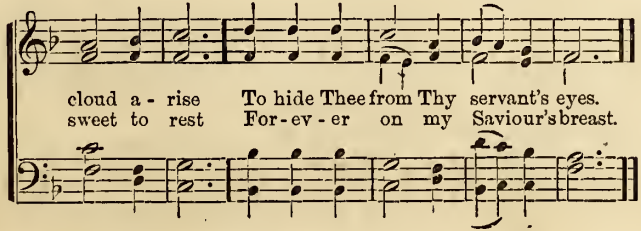



## Hursley.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE. Abide in me, and I in you.—John 15: 5. PETER RITTER.




3 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let Him no more lie down in sin.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

# In a Little while More.

Mrs. HELEN WELLS. What is this that he saith, A little while?—John 16 : 18. W. H. DOANE.

1. In a lit-tle while more, these rolling years No more will come and go; In a lit-tle while more, our bus - y hands No more the seed will sow; In a lit-tle while more, the harvest grounds Will yield their golden wheat; In a lit-tle while more, our precious store We'll lay at Je - sus feet. In a lit tle while more,

2. In a lit-tle while more, the friends we love Will pass from earth a - way; In a lit-tle while more, the bells of time Will ring the close of day; In a lit-tle while more, the Bridegroom's voice Will sound the midnight cry; In a lit-tle while more, we too shall go Where love can nev-er die.

3. In a lit-tle while more, the storms we dread In ho - ly calm will cease; In a lit-tle while more, the tears we shed Will bring the light of peace; In a lit-tle while more, a morn will come To ach - ing hearts op - pressed; In a lit-tle while more, our sheaves we'll bind, And then, e-ter - nal rest.

REFRAIN.

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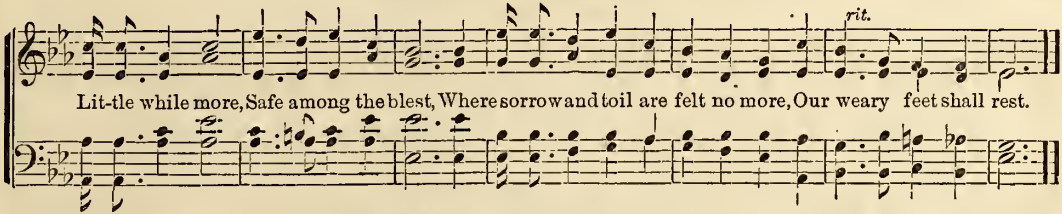
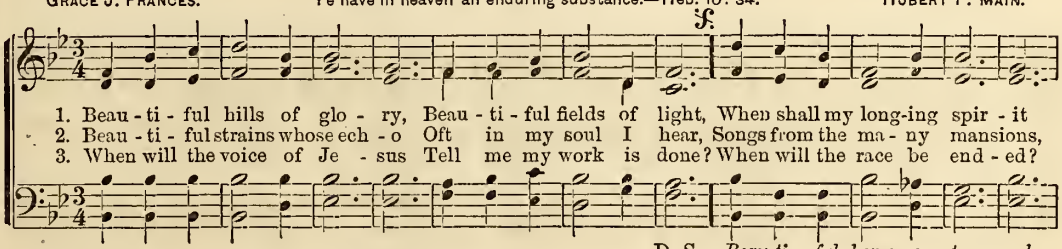
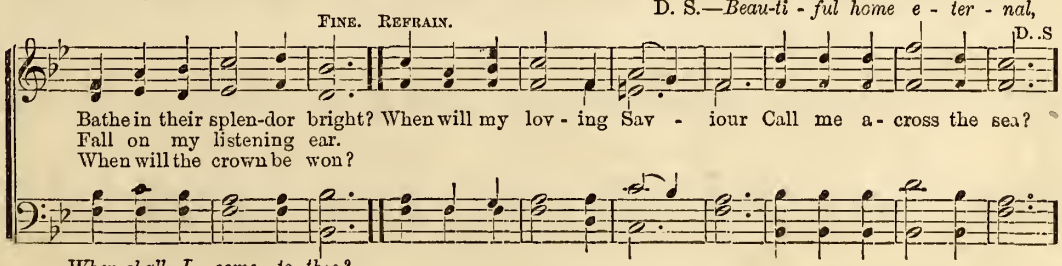
## In a Little while More.—Concluded.




## Beautiful Hills of Glory.

GRACE J. FRANCES. Ye have in heaven an enduring substance.—Heb. 10: 34. HUBERT P. MAIN.

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# Awake in Jesus.

WALLACE H. HOWELL. I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.—Ps. 17: 15. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. A - wake in Je - sus— O how blest, To be for - ev - er on His breast; No sorrow
2. A - wake in Je - sus— sweet - est frame, To feel His breath like liv - ing flame; And hear my
3. A - wake in Je - sus— heav'n-ly light, Whose presence drives a - way my night; Who bids me

REFRAIN.

now, and no more tears, But peace and joy that ban - ish fears. A - wake in
lov - ing Fa - ther say, Now all thy tears are wiped a - way.
all His glo - ry trace, And see my Sav - iour face to face.

A - wake

Je - sus, A - wake in Je - sus, To bear His likeness for - ev - - er - more.

A-wake To bear ev - er, ev - er - more.

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# Follow the Path of Jesus. 93

Dr. C. R. Blackall. He leadeth me in the paths.—Ps. 25 : 10. W. H. Doane.

1. Fol - low the path of Je - sus, Walk where His footsteps lead; Keep in His beaming presence, Ev - ery
2. Cling to the hand of Je - sus, All thro' the day and night; Dark tho' the way and drear-y, He will
3. Work in the love of Je - sus, So shall your day be bright; Go to the vineyard ear - ly, Work from

coun - sel heed; Watch while the hours are flying, Read-y some good to do; Quick, while His voice is calling,
guide you right; Live for the good of others, Helpless, oppressed with wrong; Lift them from depths of sorrow;
morn till night; Bind up the broken - hearted; See them on ev - ery side; Whisper the name most precious,

Refrain.

Yield o - bedience true. Follow in the path, Follow in the path, Follow in the path where the Saviour leads.
In His strength be strong.
Tell them Je - sus died.

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# Watch and Pray.

W. F. Cosner. Ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.—Matt. 24: 42. T. W. Dennington.

1. Watch, for the hour is com - ing When the Mas - ter shall come a - gain; With a shin - ing band from the
2. Glo - rious will be His com - ing, But no one knows the day or hour; No, not an - gels bright in that
3. Quick - ly the hour is com - ing, When a - gain from that far - off land He shall come and call for His
4. "Watch, for the hour is com - ing," Is the charge he has left for all; Still your vig - ils keep, nor be

Chorus.

heav'nly land, He will come, ev - er - more to reign. Then may we all be read - y for that
world of light, When the Lord shall descend with power.
servants all, And be - fore Him we then must stand.
found a - sleep When He sends forth the sol - emn call.

great and glo - rious day; Yes, may we all be read - y for that great and glo - rious

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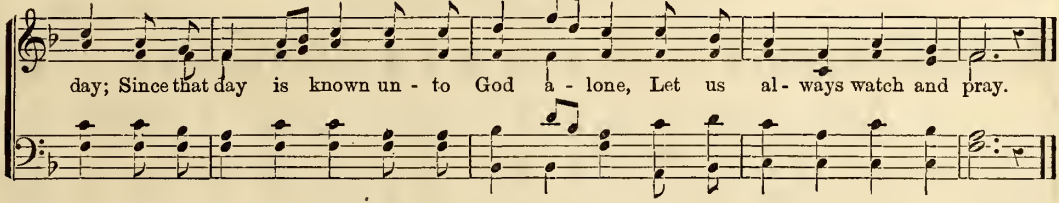
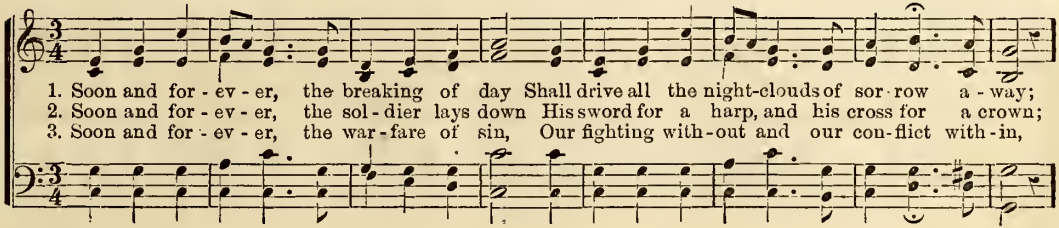
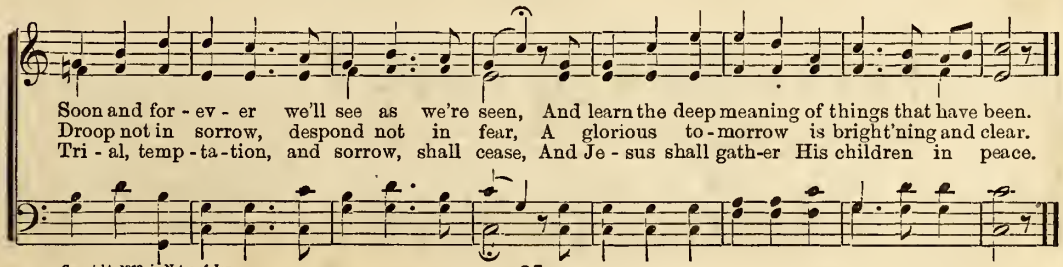



## Soon and Forever.

Rev. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, alt. Thou shalt know hereafter.—John 13: 7. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

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# I could not do without Thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—Heb 13: 5. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost, Whose pre - cious blood re-
2. I could not do with - out Thee, For O, the way is long; And I am oft - en

deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost; Thy righteousness, Thy par - don, Thy sac - ri - fice, must
wea - ry, And sigh re - plac - es song; How could I do with - out Thee? I do not know the

be My on - ly hope and com-fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
way; Thou knowest, and Thou lead-est, And wilt not let me stray.

3.

I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And now in solemn silence
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And, tho' the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

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# Forever Thine.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Kept by the power of God.—1 Pet. 1: 5. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Lord, how ver - y oft - en must this heart of mine, With its falls and stumblings, wound Thy heart divine!
2. Failures all a - long my pathway I can trace, Deafness to the ten-der whispers of Thy grace;
3. I among Thy servants am the least of all, Weakest of the weak ones who upon Thee call;
4. By my love in - con-stant do I wound Thee sore? For my sin and coldness mer - cy I implore;

*f.* FINE. CHORUS.

Par-don me, and own me still a child of Thine, O Thou heart di - vine. More and more I
Yet for this, dear Christ, turn not from me Thy face, Still I crave Thy grace.
Pit - y and com - pas-sion show me when I fall, Pit - y when I fall.
O forgive, and help me hence to love Thee more, Hence to love Thee more.

*Yet, O precious Saviour, own and keep me thine, And for - ev - er Thine.*

D. S.

feel it, that this heart of mine Wounds the Christ who bought me by His love di - vine;

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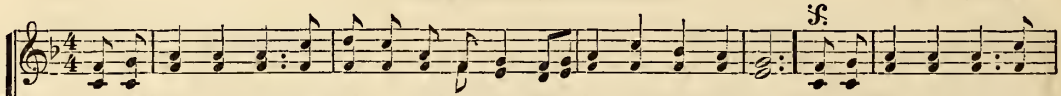
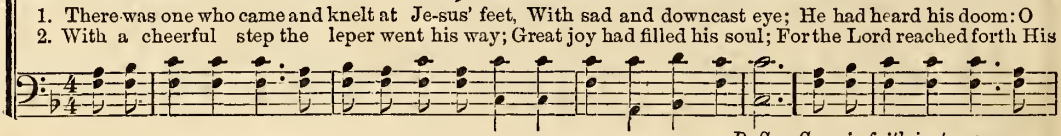
# Come Like the Leper.

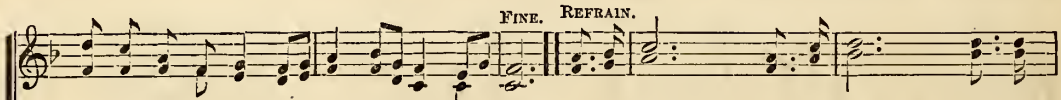
Mrs. A. E. Andrews. There came a leper.—Matt. 8: 2. W. H. Doane.



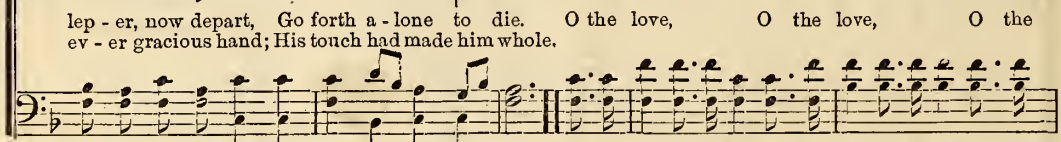

1. There was one who came and knelt at Je-sus' feet, With sad and downcast eye; He had heard his doom: O
2. With a cheerful step the leper went his way; Great joy had filled his soul; For the Lord reached forth His



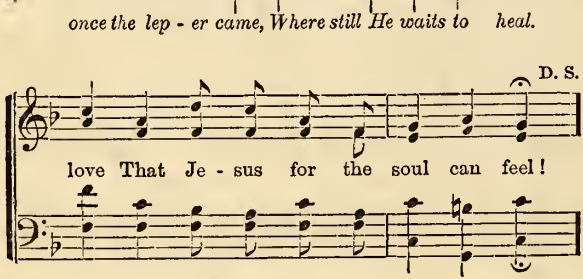
*D. S.—Come in faith just now, as*




lep - er, now depart, Go forth a - lone to die. O the love, O the love, O the
ev - er gracious hand; His touch had made him whole.



*once the lep - er came, Where still He waits to heal.* tender love, ten-der love,




love That Je - sus for the soul can feel!

3 Weary hearts bowed down, come worship at the feet
Of Him, your Lord, to-day;
O believe on Him who shed His precious blood
To take your sins away.
Cho.—O the love, tender love, &c.

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# Love of Jesus. 99

W. O. CUSHING. Thy love and faith, which thou hast toward the Lord Jesus.—Philem. 1: 5. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Let my heart be pure from sin, Filled with the love of Je - sus; Help me, Lord, Thy grace to win,
2. To my lips Thy truth im-part, Filled with the love of Je - sus; Be my wayward, rest-less heart
3. O what joy my soul hath known, Filled with the love of Je - sus; Trust-ing still Thy grace a - lone,

Filled with the love of Je - sus; All Thou bid'st me I would do, While Thy lov - ing
Filled with the love of Je - sus; All I do, or think, or say, All my life from
Filled with the love of Je - sus; Come, ye souls in bond-age sore, Come and here His

life I view; Faith-ful be my heart, and true, Filled with the love of Je - sus.
day to day, All be Thine, O Lord, I pray, Filled with the love of Je - sus.
grace im-plore; Ye shall taste, and thirst no more, Filled with the love of Je - sus.

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# Hold Thou me up.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him.—Matt.14:31. W. H. DOANE.

1. O Sav - iour mine, who now be - holdest me, 'Tis heav'n be - low Thy love to know;
2. O Sav - iour mine, whose wings o'ershadow me, No Friend so near, no name so dear;
3. O Sav - iour mine, how great Thy love to me! Its beams di - vine, how bright they shine!
4. Hold Thou me up, and, when Thou callest me Thy robe to wear, Thy joy to share,

My feet with joy - ful haste would fol - low Thee; Lead Thou me on wher - e'er I go.
Thou art my hope of im - mor - tal - i - ty, Thy voice a - lone my heart can cheer.
Hold Thou me up, let me a - bide in Thee; Keep Thou my hand still firm in Thine.
I'll sing and praise thro' all e - ter - ni - ty Thy grace, Thy love, that brought me there.

REFRAIN.

Hold Thou me up, lead Thou me on, My guide, my stay, o'er life's dark way;

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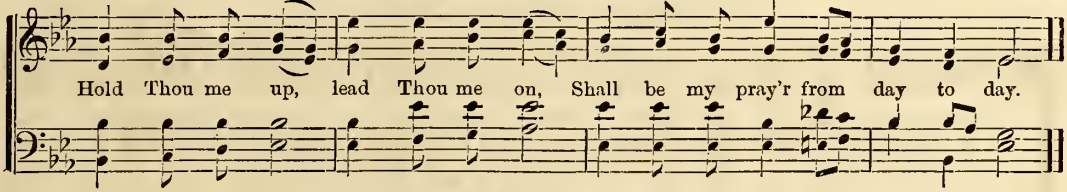
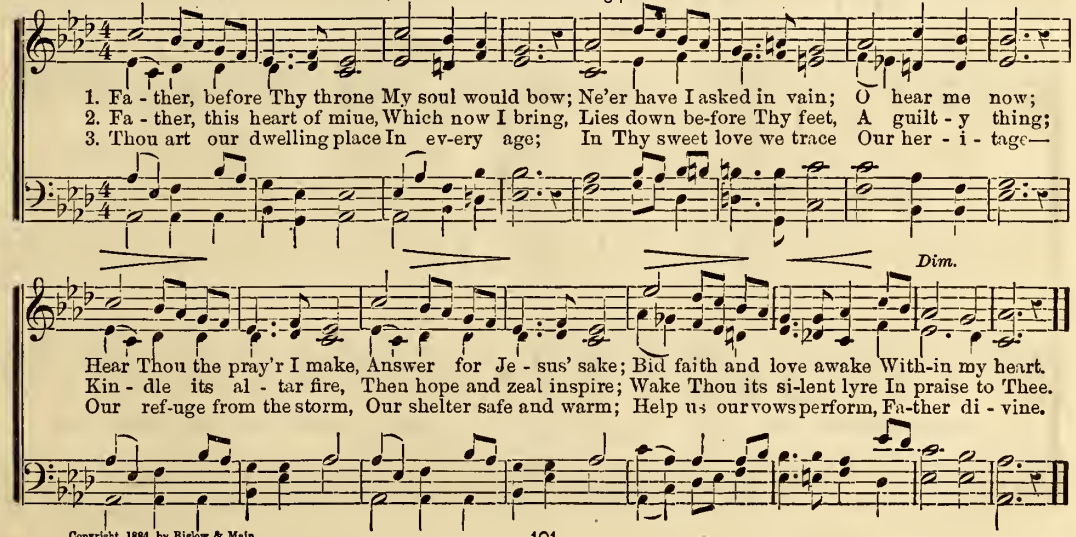
## Hold Thou me up.—Concluded.




## Father, before Thy Throne.

Miss Eliza M. Sherman. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place.—Ps. 90: 1. Hubert P. Main.

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# Take the Promise.

R. L. They shall never perish.—John 10: 28. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Take the prom-ise as you go, Such as true be-liev-ers know; Hide the word with-
2. What if round you falls the night? See the Day-star gleam-ing bright; What if clouds ob-
3. Child of faith, be firm, be strong; Heav'nly hopes to you be-long; Tho' the earth be-

CHORUS.

in your heart; Christ and you can nev-er part. O thou bless-ed Son of God, Help me
scure the day? Christ is with you all the way.
o-ver-thrown, Christ the Lord will know His own.

walk where Thou hast trod; Let Thy pres-ence al-ways be Life and love and peace to me.

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# Thou Must be Born again.



W. O. CUSHING. Nicodemus.—John 3 : 1. W. H. DOANE.

SOLO.

1. He came in the hush of the si - lent night, For his soul had no rest with - in; And he
2. He came, for he knew that his on - ly hope Must be staid on the truth he heard; And he
3. He came, for he longed for the peace that flows From the joy of a pur - er life; And he

REFRAIN.

heard from the lips of the ho - ly one, Thou must be born a - gain. Thou must be born again, poor soul,
knew that the voice in his heart that rang Had come from Christ the Lord. [Thy
longed for a heart that was free from sin, No more with God at strife.

heart must be cleansed from sin; Thy will must bow, And, with sweet control, Thy Lord must reign within.

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# Come, let us sing of Jesus.

D. W. H. — Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—Col. 3:16. — D. W. HINMAN.

1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, The source of life and light, The meek and low - ly Sav - iour, The
2. Come, let us ask of Je - sus To take a - way our sin; Let ev - ery heart be o - pen, That

CHO.—*O precious, lov - ing Je - sus! Our load of sin He bore; His life He gave to save us; We'll*

FINE.

Lord of power and might; He left His home in glo - ry, And came on earth be - low; O
He may en - ter in; For if we will but trust him, And live by faith and prayer, The

*praise Him ev - er - more.*

D. C. CHO.

strange and wondrous sto - ry! Be - cause He loved us so.
bless - ed Lord will guide us All through this world of care.

3.

Come, let us walk with Jesus,
And know that He is near;
Within His gracious presence,
We have no cause for fear;
There is no friend like Jesus,
No other loves us so;
His grace will bless and save us,
Wherever we may go.

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# "'Tis I; Be not Afraid."

NATHANIEL NILES. Wherefore didst thou doubt?—Matt. 14: 31. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. "'Tis I; be not afraid,"—Tho' dark the day, Strength, when in duty laid, Drives fear a - way; Safe by the Lord I stand, Holding His al-might-y hand, Hear His divine command—Hear, and o - bey.
2. In - to this heart of mine, Where Thou dost see, Put Thou a strength divine, To grow like Thee; A gen - tle voice on high Always answers when I cry, "No lov-ing soul shall die, Weak tho' it be."
3. Rise, then, O fainting soul, With glad sur-prise; Let end-less praises roll Up to the skies; All fear of death is past; Safe in Je - sus' love at last, Weakness a - side is cast, Strength He supplies.

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# The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, | Hallowed | be thy | name. || Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread: || And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil: || For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

# The King's Highway.

W. O. CUSHING. And a highway shall be there.—Isa. 35: 8. W. H. DOANE.

1. I will tell what the Lord hath done for me, How He saved my soul, how He set me free; He hath
2. O the comfort and peace my soul hath known, With my heart in Him, in His love a-lone; 'Tis the
3. What are pleasures of earth to Je-sus' love? I have meat to eat that ye know not of; I will

CHORUS.

drawn my feet from the mire and clay, Henceforth to fol-low in the King's Highway. Glo-ry,
sweet-est joy that the heart can sing, To feast each moment with my Lord and King.
spend my days for my Saviour still, And hope for-ev-er in His bliss to dwell.

Glo-ry to God,

Glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God my King; Glo-ry, Glo-ry, I will praise His name,

Glo-ry to God, my King; Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God,

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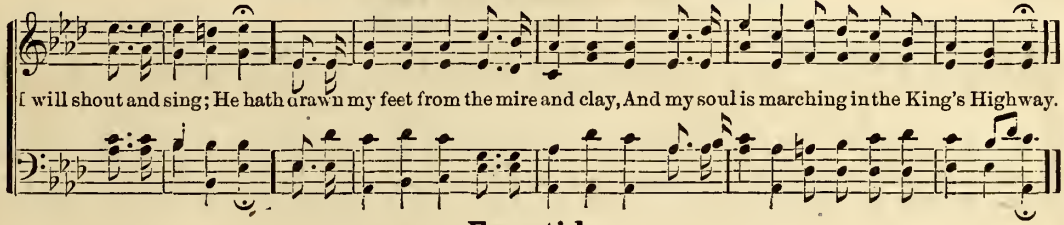
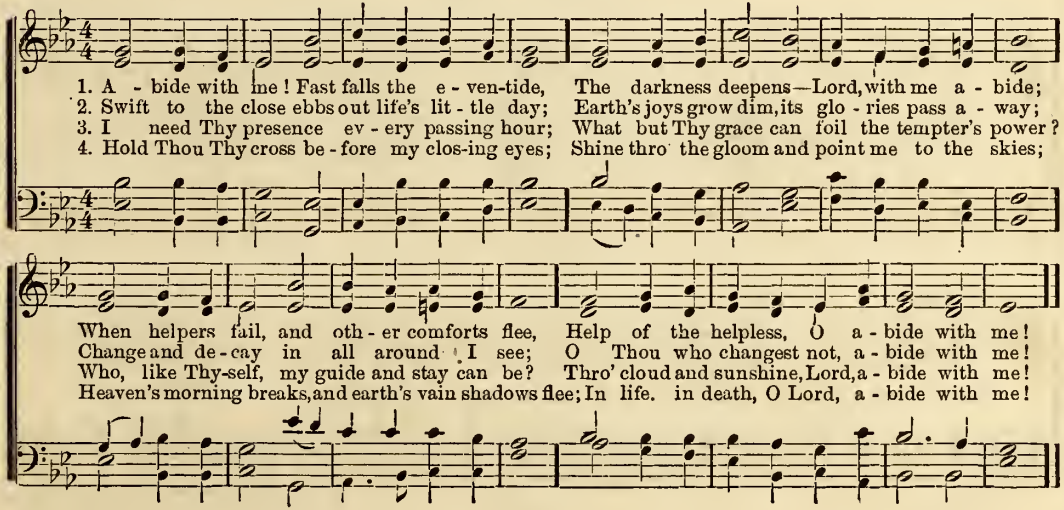



## Eventide.

Rev. H. F. Lyte. Abide with us.—Luke 24: 29. Wm. H. Monk.



108

# I now am so Happy.

A. S. Dobbs, D.D. — With thee is the fountain of life.—Ps. 36: 9. — Robert Lowry.

1. I now am so hap - py in Je - sus' sweet love, No sor - row my heart can con - trol;
2. I know I'm a sin - ner, a sin - ner redeemed, A brand tak - en out of the flame;
3. The way is so sim - ple the fool - ish may run, The halt and the blind may come too;

I'm washed in the fount-ain that flowed from His side, And Je - sus gives peace to my soul.
I'll let my light shine so that oth - ers may see, And praise my Im - man - u - el's name.
Tho' crim - son your stains, and like scar - let your sins, The blood makes them whit - er than snow.

Chorus.

Then, friends, why not come and find par - don to - day? Why not come, why not come?
and find pardon to-day? why not come?

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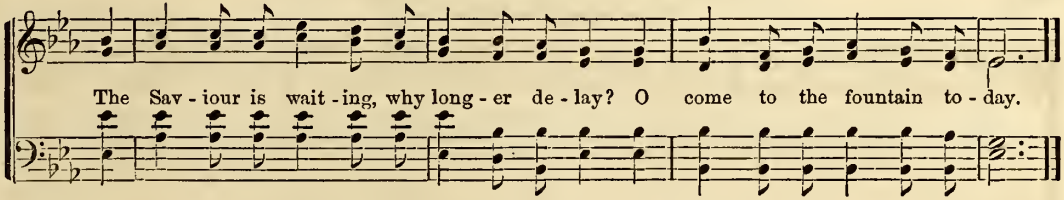
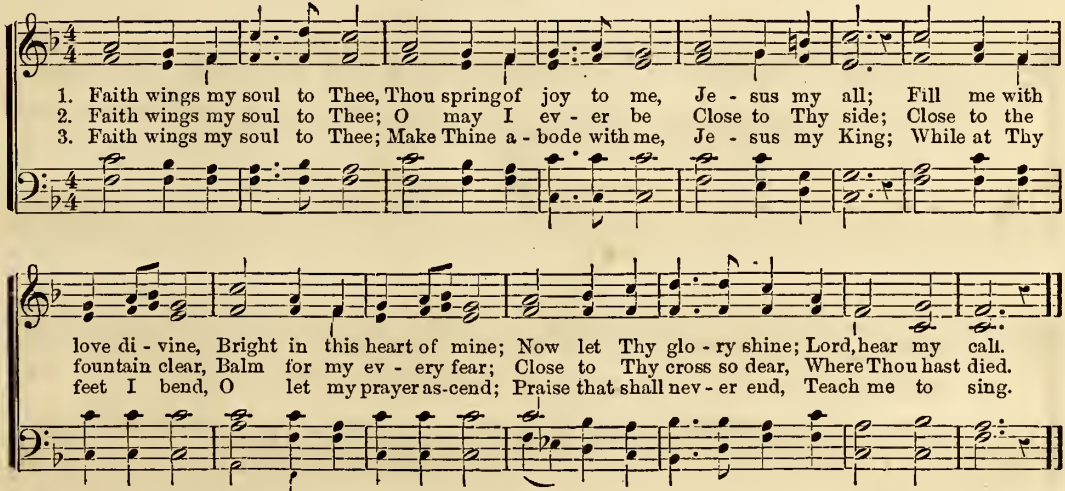



## Faith wings my Soul to Thee.

F. J. C. In the full assurance of faith.—Heb. 10: 22. W. H. Doane.

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# Hold On, Hold On.

MYRA JUDSON. Look not behind thee.—Gen. 19:17. W. H. DOANE.

1. Is your hand on the plow? hold on, hold on, And follow in the good old track; And re-mem-ber the
2. Are you strong in the faith? hold on, hold on, No matter what the world may do; Keep your eye on the
3. Are you safe in the Ark? hold on, hold on, Tho' drifting o'er a stormy way; It will rise, it will

REFRAIN.

word of the Lord who said, Take heed that ye look not back. With a firm, steady will, hold on, hold on, And the
cross, with a calm, clear gaze, And know there is light for you.
rest on the fair green hills That bloom in e-ter-nal day.

end its reward will bring; For the tried and the true shall receive at last A crown from the Lord our King.

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# Thanks to Thee.

B. DICKERMAN. Giving thanks always.—Eph. 5: 20. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Thanks to Thee, Thou bounteous Giver, For sup-plies of needful food, Dai-ly flowing like a riv - er, From the fount of ev - ery good. Thanks to Thee, thanks to Thee, Thanks to Thee, Thou bounteous Giver; Thanks to Thee, thanks to Thee, Flowing fount of ev - ery good.
2. Health and friendship, precious treasure, From the Fa - ther's gracious hand; Home and plenty with-out measure; Peace pre - vail - ing thro' the land.
3. But the bless-ed, priceless message, Welcome gos - pel of Thy Son, Most mi-nute - ly, page and pas-sage, Shows us what Thy love hath done,
4. Bread of life O dai - ly give us; "Living wa - ter," gifts of love; Till at last Thou shalt re - ceive us To the bet - ter home a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Thanks to Thee, thanks to Thee,

Thanks to Thee, thanks to Thee,

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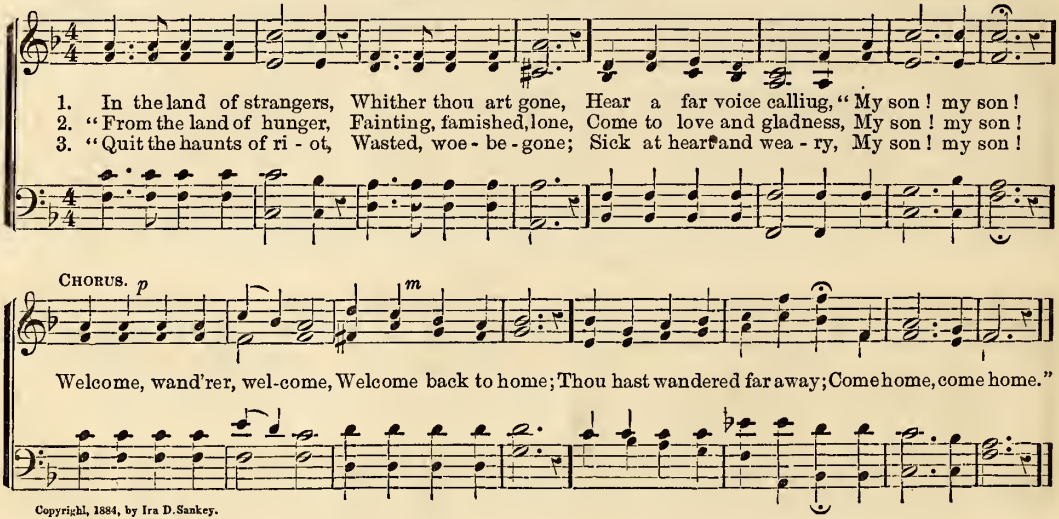
# Welcome, Wanderer, Welcome.

H. BONAR, D.D. For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.—Luke 15: 24. IRA D. SANKEY.

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4 "See the door still open;
Thou art still my own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! my son!

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son! my son!

6 "See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one;
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

# Because Thou leadest Me. 113

MISS GRACE ELLIOT. He leadeth me.—Ps. 23: 2. M. B. THOMAS.

1. In per - fect trust, I now commit My way, O Lord, to Thee, As-sured my feet can
2. And tho' af - flic-tions, day by day, My lot on earth may be, I'll bear them all with
3. As af - ter storm the sun breaks forth, More bright and fair to see, Thus ev - ery tri - al

CHORUS.

nev - er fall, Be - cause Thou lead - est me. Thou wilt lead me now and ev - er, Till I
cheer-ful heart, Be - cause Thou lead - est me.
brings its joy, Be - cause Thou lead - est me.

reach the blessed riv - er; 'Tis enough to know, where'er I go, My Sav-iour leadeth me.

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# Stand like Daniel.

FANNY J. CROSBY. None was found like Daniel.—Dan. 1: 19. W. H. DOANE.

1. While to Zi - on we are marching, Clad in bright ar - ray, Ho - ly voic - es urge us forward;
2. Stand like Dan-iel, firm and fear-less; Ask of God a - bove Abram's faith and Ja - cob's fer - vor,

REFRAIN.

Hark, we hear them say: Stand like Daniel, Brave and daring, Stand for truth and right; Stand like Dan - iel's trust-ing love.

for truth and right.

Dan - iel, Though against us Legions of foes u - nite.

3 Stand like Daniel, bear with patience
All our trials here;
Knowing this, in every danger
Aid divine is near.

4 Stand like Daniel, trusting ever,
Till the strife is past;
We shall triumph, God has promised
Victory at last.

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# The World for Jesus. 115

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord.—Rev. 11: 15.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Robert Lowry.

1. The world for Je - sus—ear - nest - ly We'll work as well as pray; With ar-mor bright main-
2. The world for Je - sus—pa - tient - ly The cross be - low we'll bear, Till, suf-ering o'er, we

Refrain.

tain the fight, Till victory crowns the day. All the world, all the world, All the world for Je - sus! With
lay it down, The crown a-bove to wear.

ar - mor bright maintain the fight, Till victory crowns the day.

3 The world for Jesus—joyfully
We lift our waiting eyes
To wondrous signs upon the earth,
To wonders in the skies.

4 The world for Jesus—gloriously
The shout will rise, Amen;
The Lord, the God omnipotent,
On earth has come to reign.

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# Cast away the Works of Darkness.

GODFREY THRING. Put on the armor of light.—Rom. 13:12. S. J. VAIL.

1. Cast a - way the works of darkness, Haste to gird your armor on, Ere the noon hath lost its
2. Cast a - way the works of darkness, Light is dawning from on high; Christ the Daystar shines a -
3. Cast a - way the works of darkness, Ere your fleeting breath hath fled; For a - gain the Lord is

REFRAIN.

bright-ness, And the even - ing is be - gun. Cast a - way the works of night, Walk as
bove you, Drives the shad-ows from the sky.
com - ing, Judge a - like of quick and dead.

children of the light; Cast a - way the works of dark-ness, Walk as chil-dren of the light.

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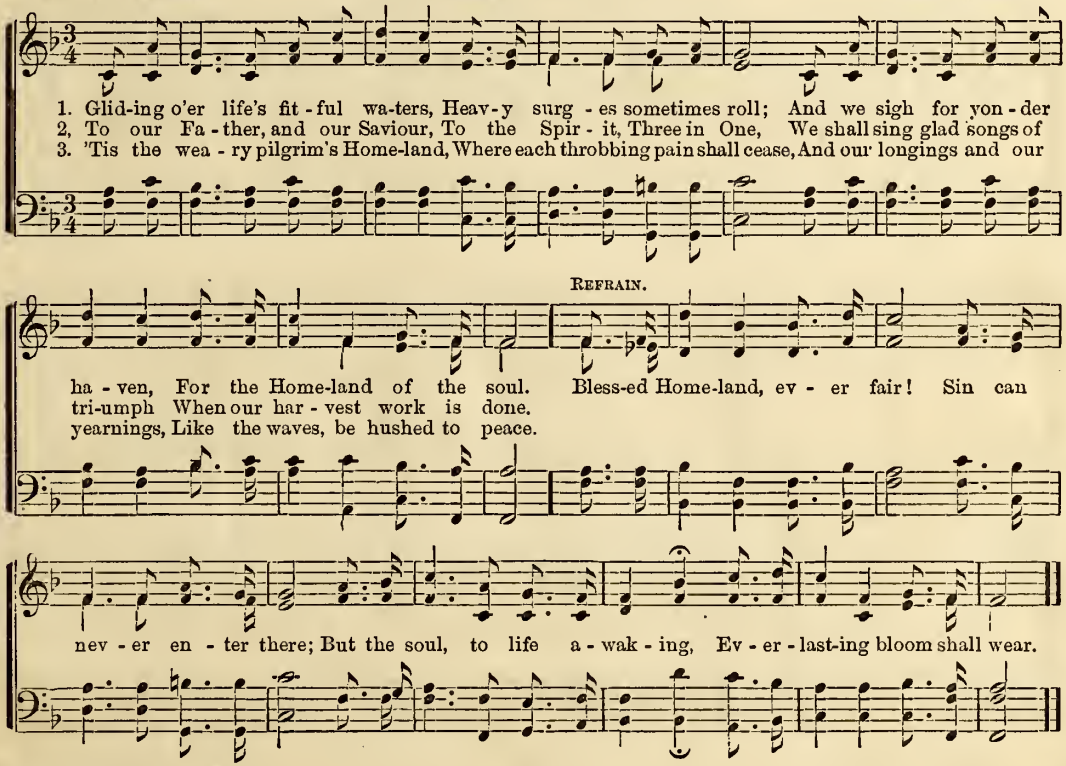
# Blessed Home-Land.



GRACE J. FRANCES. There remaineth * * * a rest.—Heb. 4: 9. HUBERT P. MAIN.

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# Master, Speak.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. And he saith, Master, say on.—Luke. 7: 40. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Mas - ter, speak, Thy serv - ant hear - eth, Wait - ing for Thy gra - cious word, Long - ing
2. Oft - en thro' my heart is peal - ing Many an - oth - er voice than Thine, Many an
3. Mas - ter, speak, I do not doubt Thee, Tho' so tear - ful - ly I plead; Sav - iour,

for Thy voice that cheer - eth; Mas - ter, let it now be heard; I am list - 'ning,
un - willed ech - o steal - ing From the walls of this Thy shrine; Let Thy longed-for
Shep-herd, O with - out Thee Life would be a blank in - deed; But I long for

Lord, for Thee; What hast Thou to say to me? O my Mas - ter, speak to me.
ac - cents fall; Mas - ter, speak, and si - lence all. O my Mas - ter, speak to me.
full - er light, Deep - er love and clear - er sight. O my Mas - ter, speak to me.

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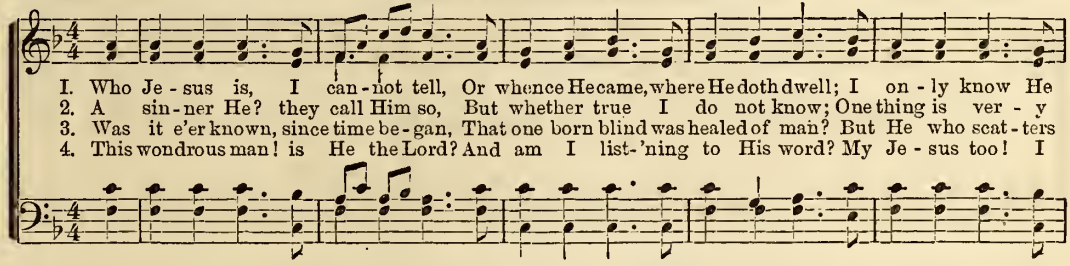
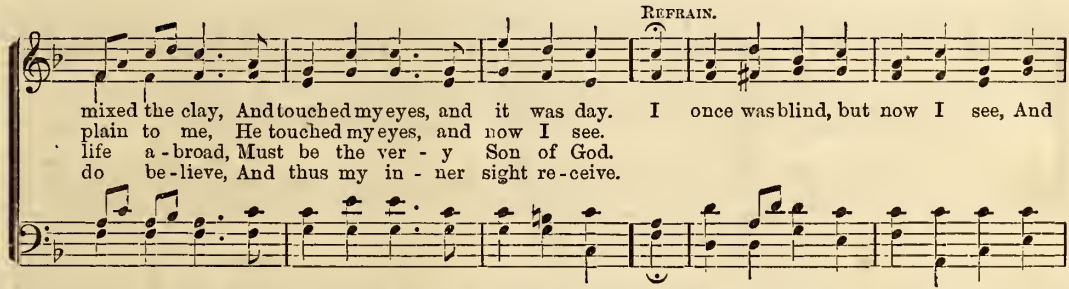
# Enough for Me.



Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. "The eyes of the blessed shall see.—Isa. 29:18. W. H. Doane.

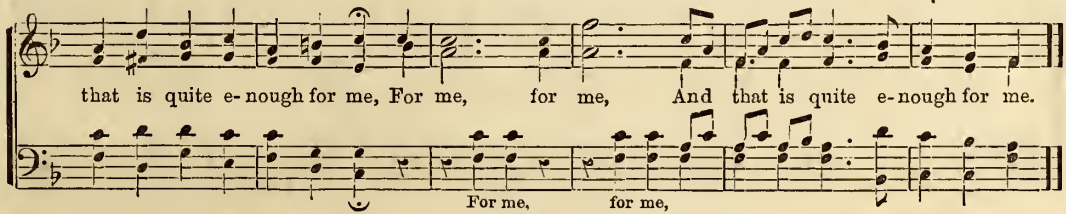


1. Who Je - sus is, I can - not tell, Or whence He came, where He doth dwell; I on - ly know He
2. A sin - ner He? they call Him so, But whether true I do not know; One thing is ver - y
3. Was it e'er known, since time be - gan, That one born blind was healed of man? But He who scat - ters
4. This wondrous man! is He the Lord? And am I list - 'ning to His word? My Je - sus too! I



Refrain.

mixed the clay, And touched my eyes, and it was day. I once was blind, but now I see, And
plain to me, He touched my eyes, and now I see.
life a - broad, Must be the ver - y Son of God.
do be - lieve, And thus my in - ner sight re - ceive.



that is quite e - nough for me, For me, for me, And that is quite e - nough for me.

For me, for me,

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# God's Promises.

EBEN E. REXFORD. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Rev. 21 : 4. A. J. ABBEY.

1. When I am bowed with grief and loss, And sore dis - tressed, I read the sweet old prom-is - es Of com - ing rest; And oft that sweetest one I say, In whis-pers o'er,
2. And when I think of those I miss, And mourn my loss, For - get - ing that my Sav - iour bore A heav - ier cross, I think with sudden rapt-ure then, That death no more
3. And when my heart is wea - ry grown With grief and pain, I think in heav'n I shall not know Earth's woes a - gain; For things of old shall pass a - way For-ev - er - more;

INST.

CHORUS.

"And God shall wipe all tears a - way" For - ev - er - more. O sweet and pre - cious
Shall come to take our friends a - way, On heav'ns fair shore.
No tears in Heav'n, no death, no pain On E - den's shore.

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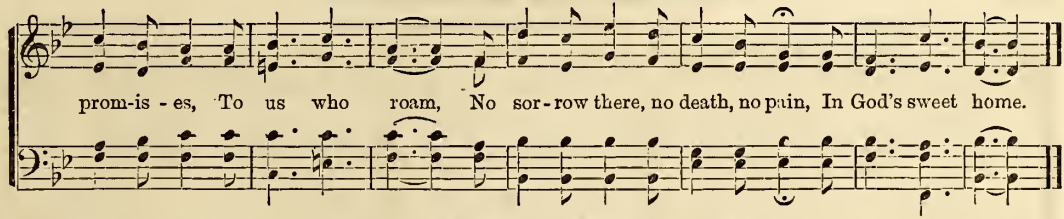
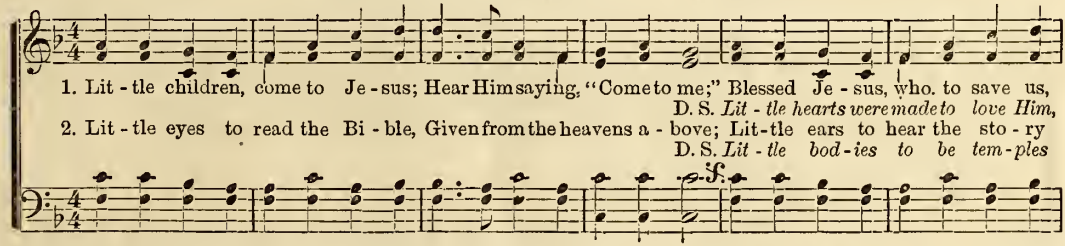
## God's Promises.—Concluded.




## Little Children, come to Jesus.

Mrs. C. A. Holmes. Come, ye children, hearken unto me.—Ps. 34: 11. T. J. Cook.

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# The Highway of the Lord.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Prepare ye the way of the Lord.—Isa. 40: 3. Robert Lowry.

1. The highway of the Lord prepare, The high-way of the King; Let mountains sink, let
2. Let des-ert isles lift up their heads, Let des-ert lands re-joice; Let all the earth in
3. The glo-ry of the Prince of Peace Shall cov-er all the earth; And shin-ing wings the
4. The world be-fore Him shall appear, Re-spon-sive to His call; And na-tions bend-ing

val-leys rise, And shouts of rapture ring.
songs of praise U-nite the heart and voice.
ti-dings bear Of our Re-deemer's birth.
at His feet Shall crown Him Lord of all.

Refrain.

Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord, Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord; Make straight in the desert, make straight in the desert, a highway for our God.

of the Lord,

of the Lord,

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# Awake, and shout Hosanna.



GRACE J. FRANCES. I am the door.—John 7: 9. Arr. fr. F. MENDELSSOHN.

1. A - wake, and shout Ho - san-na, With all our ransomed pow'rs; A full, complete sal - va - tion Thro'
2. Lift up, lift up our voic - es, And in the Saviour's name, His full and free sal - va - tion, With
3. Come back, come back, ye lost ones, Why will you far - ther go? You're on the road to ru - in, And

Christ the Lord is ours; He saves us to the ut-most, He saves us ev - er - more; But they who
trumpet tongue pro-claim; The precious blood He of-fered, Can all the world re - store; But whoso
near the brink of woe; Come back to Him who loved you, Be slaves to sin no more; The glorious

would His grace re - ceive,

would His grace re - ceive, But they who would His grace receive Must find it at the door.
will be freed from sin, But whoso will be freed from sin, Must come to Christ the door
light of gos - pel grace, The glorious light of gos - pel grace, Is streaming from the door.

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# Thine, wholly Thine.

ELLA DALE. "We also joy in God.—Rom. 5: 11. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a joy that no thought can ex - press, And a rapt - ure no words can de - fine;
2. There's a joy that is born not of earth, And it tells me, in language di - vine;
3. There's a joy that no sor - row can reach, For it sweeps ev - ery cloud from the sky;
4. O that joy in my heart will I sing, Till I rise in Thy like - ness to shine;

But it thrills ev - ery chord in my soul, For I know, blessed Lord, I am Thine.
That I live in the breath of Thy love, As the branch draws its life from the vine.
How it breaks in the mid - night of gloom! And its light is the smile of Thine eye.
Then for ev - er and ev - er pro - claim, Thro' the gift of Thy grace I am Thine.

CHORUS.

I am Thine, whol - ly Thine, And my all to Thy will I re - sign;
Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine, re - sign;

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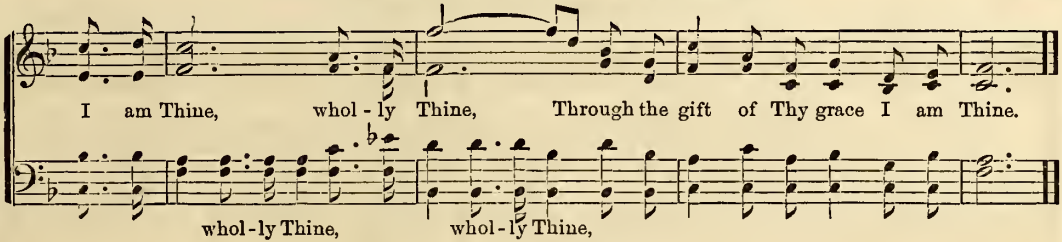
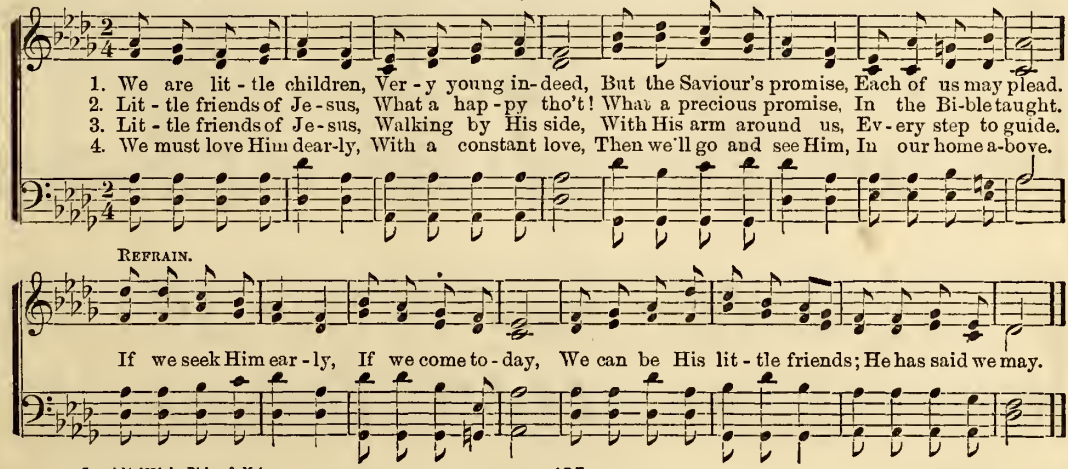



## We are little Children.

GRACE J. FRANCES. "Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8: 17. HUBERT P. MAIN.

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# Only a Doorkeeper.

Mrs. Eona L. Park. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God.—Ps. 84: 10. W. H. Doane.

1. On - ly a door-keep - er though I may be, Here in Thy tem-ple, if wait - ing on Thee,
2. On - ly a door-keep - er, yet to my heart Gen - tly Thy Spir - it a word may im-part;
3. On - ly a door-keep - er, pray - ing for all, Shar-ing the crumbs from Thy ta - ble that fall:

Lord, I am hon - ored, tho' hum - ble the place, Meek - ly re - ceiv - ing Thy dews of grace.
Some-thing that, spok - en In kind - ness for Thee, Light to a soul in the dark may be.
On - ly a door - keep - er; Lord, I am blest; Du - ty is pleas - ure, and toil is rest.

Fine.

D. S.—*On - ly a door - keep - er glad - ly I'll be, If I may gath - er a soul for Thee.*

Refrain. D. S.

Wait - ing, wait - ing, just out-side the door; Wait - ing, wait - ing, Lord, I ask no more;

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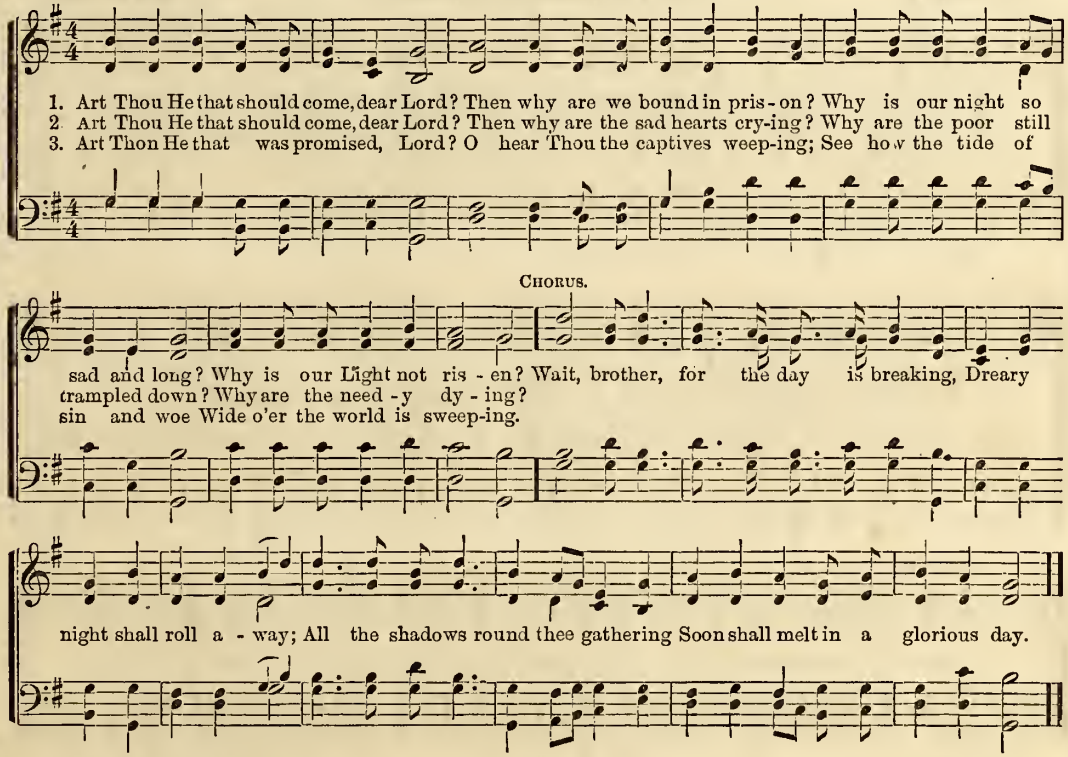
# Art Thou He that should come? 127

W. O. CUSHING. Art thou he that should come?—Matt. 11 : 3. ROBERT LOWRY.

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# My Heart overflowing.

LEAH CARLTON. The joy of thy salvation.—Ps. 51 : 12. REV. SAMUEL ALMAN.

1. My heart o - ver-flow - ing with rap-ture would sing Of Him, my Re-deem - er, Pre-serv - er, and King; Whose name ever precious with joy I re-peat, While on - ly a learner I sit at His feet.
2. My heart o - ver-flow - ing His love would re - call, The chief a-mong thousands and dear-est of all; How ten-der His mercies, how gen-tle His care, How ma-ny the blessings that dai - ly I share.
3. My heart o - ver-flow - ing draws near to His throne, Who makes all my sor - rows and tri - als His own; He guards me from danger. protects me from ill, He pit - ies my weakness and comforts me still.
4. O Cross of my Sav - iour, 'tis there I will cling, My heart o - ver-flow - ing its sto - ry shall sing, Till faith bears me upward beyond the dark sea, Where beauti - ful mansions are waiting for me.

REFRAIN.

In this my re - joic-ing and glo - ry shall be, The cross where my Saviour once suffered for me.

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# Make Me like the Palm.



S. D. PHELPS, D.D. — The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree.—Ps. 92: 12. — W. H. DOANE.

1. Planted in Thy house, O Lord, 'Mid the trees of righteous-ness, Watered by Thy sa-cred Word,
2. Let my wings of faith be spread, Bear me to the mer - cy - seat; Blend my spir - it with its Head,
3. Let my leaves be green and fair, Clustering fruits in me a - bound; All my deeds Thy love declare,

Beau - ti - fied with precious grace, Ransom'd child of Thine I am; Make me flour-ish like the palm;
Make me thus in Christ complete; So my heart, pure, firm and calm, Lives to flour-ish like the palm;
All my hopes in Thee be found; Life shall be a joy - ous psalm, Grace-ful, use - ful, like the palm;

Ransom'd child of Thine I am; Make me flourish like the palm.
So my heart, pure, firm and calm, Lives to flourish like the palm.
Life shall be a joy - ous psalm, Graceful, use-ful, like the palm.

4 When full age at last has come,
When beyond the Jordan-tide,
Garnered to my heavenly home,
Let me with the glorified
Sing the triumphs of the Lamb,
Bear a conqueror's fadeless palm;
Sing the triumphs of the Lamb,
Bear a conqueror's fadeless palm.

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# Live to Do your Duty.

W. O. CUSHING. Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?—Acts 9: 6. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Live to do your du - ty, That your life may bear Smiles of light and gladness For a world of care;
2. Live as lives the sunshine, Lone-ly hearts to cheer, When the flow'rs are faded O'er a pathway drear;
3. Live to fol - low Je - sus, Brave and true and strong; He will give His children Vic - tory o - ver wrong;

D. C.—*Live to do your du - ty, That your life may bear Smiles of light and gladness For a world of care;*

Live to do your du - ty, Faith - ful till you die; Walk the shin - ing glo - ry path to
Live to do your du - ty, True and faith - ful be, Till in glo - ry's morn - ing land the
Live to do your du - ty, Faith - ful till you die, Then go home where Je - sus lives be -

*Live to do your du - ty, Faith - ful till you die; Walk the shin - ing glo - ry path to*

FINE. REFRAIN.

rest on high. Live, live for du - - ty, Live, live for
Lord you see.
yond the sky.

*rest on high.* Live to do your du - ty, True and faithful be; Live to do your du - ty,

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## Live to Do your Duty.—Concluded.

D. C. CHORUS.

du - - ty, Live, live for du - - ty, Faithful till you die.

Fruit-age you shall see; Live to do your du - ty, Live to do your du - ty,

## Beautiful Way.

FANNY J. CROSBY. The way of peace.—Luke 1: 79. CHESTER G. ALLEN, M.D.

1. Beau - ti - ful way, hallowed and blest, Leading us home to a mansion of rest; Wisdom declares,
2. Soft - ly a voice murmurs with-in, Turn from the world and the pleasures of sin; Come and re-joice;

hap-py are they, Walking with God in the beauti-ful way.
why will ye stay? Walk in the shining, the beauti-ful way.

3 Beautiful way, peaceful and bright,
Gently from Eden reflecting the light;
Cheerful the beam, tranquil the ray,
Guiding the soul in the beautiful way.

4 Beautiful way, gladly we sing,
Praise and thanksgiving to Jesus we bring;
Still may His love teach us to pray,
Help us to walk in the beautiful way.

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# Speed the Day.

W. S. Behold, the day cometh.—Mal. 4: 1. WM. STEVENSON.

1st. 2nd.

1. Precious tidings we hear, Both from far and near, And our hearts are glad to - day;
2. For in God is our trust, And succeed we must; None His might - (*Omit.*) - - y arm can stay.
3. Tho' the foe may be strong To uphold the wrong, We will nev - er doubt or fear;
But will urge on the fight, And maintain the right, Till the wrong . . . . (*Omit.*) . . . . . shall dis-ap - pear.
Then to God let us raise Loudest songs of praise, For the work al - read - y done;
And if faith-ful we prove, In His courts a - bove We shall sing . . . . . (*Omit.*) . . . . of victory won.

CHORUS.

Speed the day, hap - py day, When the wrong shall fail, and the right pre - vail;

Speed the day, hap - py day,

*Repeat pp.*

Speed the day, hap - py day, Speed the hap - py, happy, happy day.

Speed the day, hap - py day,

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# Saviour, while my Heart is Tender. 133

Rev. JOHN BURTON. While he was yet young, he began to seek after God.—2 Chr. 34: 3. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav - iour, while my heart is ten - der, I would yield that heart to Thee; All my powers to
2. Let me do Thy will or bear it, I would know no will but Thine; Should'st Thou take my

Thee sur - ren - der, Thine, and on - ly Thine to be; Take me now, Lord Je - sus, take me,
life, or spare it, I that life to Thee re - sign; Thine I am, O Lord, for ev - er,

Let my youthful heart be Thine; Thy de - vot - ed serv-ant make me, Fill my soul with love di - vine.
To Thy serv-ice set a - part; Suf - fer me to leave Thee nev-er, Seal Thy im - age on my heart.

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# Bright Forever.

GRACE J. FRANCES. The hope which is laid up for you in heaven.—Col. 1: 5. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the christian's na-tal skies, Distant beams, like floods of glo-ry,
2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin-ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a lit - tle while of la - bor,
3. O the bliss of life e - ter-nal! O the long un-bro-ken rest! In the gold - en fields of pleasure,

Fill the soul with glad sur-prise; And we al - most hear the ech - o Of the pure and ho-ly throng,
Ere the even-ing shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er;
In the re - gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re-deemer, And be - fore His throne to fall,

*Ritard.* CHORUS.

In the bright, the bright forev - er, In the summer-land of song. On the banks beyond the riv - er,
In the bright, the bright forev - er, We shall wake, to weep no more.
There to hear His gracious welcome—Will be sweeter far than all.

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## Bright Forever.—Concluded.

*Ritard.*

We shall meet, no more to sev - er; In the bright, the bright forev - er, In the summer-land of song.

## One Loving Word from Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. In his word do I hope.—Ps. 130 : 5. W. H. DOANE.

1. When the heart is wea - ry, When its comforts die, When its ten - der throbings Meet no kind re - ply,—
2. When the heart is lone - ly, When it longs for rest, Go to Him who loves thee, Lean thou on His breast.
3. When the heart is breaking, Crushed with grief and pain, How that word from Jesus Thrills its chords again!
4. O that word from Je - sus, Breathed in tones so dear, Gives us joy in sor - row, Gives us hope in fear.

REFRAIN.

One loving word from Jesus Bids every shadow flee; One lit-tle word from Jesus, Lean, my child, on me.

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# 136 Though I am but a little Child. (Primary Dep't.)

C. S. "Even a child is known by his doings."—Prov. 11: 20. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tho' I am but a lit - tle child, And lit - tle I can earn, Yet He who died for children's sake,
2. How hap - py was the lit - tle lad Who brought his fishes small, His sim - ple cakes of bar - ley bread,

CHO. *Tho' I am but a lit - tle child, And lit - tle I can earn, Yet He who died for children's sake,*

FINE.

The off - 'ring will not spurn; For I will add, for sweet perfume, The frank-in-cense of prayer; And
And free - ly gave them all; In Thy dear hand I too would lay, Dear Lord, my gift of love, Wert

*The off - 'ring will not spurn.*

D. C. CHO.

love may venture with a gift, Where angels would not dare.
Thou up - on the earth to - day, Or I in heaven a - bove.

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3.

Yet far and wide through all the world,
With famished hearts and sad,
How many children wait, dear Lord,
For joys we long have had;
I'll gladly send Thy Bread of Life,
To these so dear to Thee,
While Thou dost whisper to my soul,
This hast thou done for me.

# Remember in Youth thy Creator. 137

MAUD MARION. Remember now thy Creator.—Ecc. 12: 1. B. C. UNSELD.

1. Re - mem-ber in youth thy Cre - a - tor, Give heed to the voice of His word; For hap-py are they who be-lieve Him. And trust in the arm of the Lord.
2. Re - mem-ber in youth thy Cre - a - tor, Ere days that are e - vil draw nigh, And years that af - ford us no pleasure Shall chase the bright beams from our sky.
3. He claims our af-fec - tion in childhood, He of - fers the gift of His love; O then let us ear-nest - ly seek Him, And lay up our treasure a - bove.
4. Re - mem-ber in youth thy Cre - a - tor, And then, should we live to grow old, We'll nev - er re - gret that so ear - ly We found blessed rest in His fold.

REFRAIN.

Re - member in youth thy Cre-a - tor; How gen - tle His goodness and care; The best of His blessings He of - fers, The gift of His love you may share.

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# 133 What though the Tempests Rage.

HELEN R. YOUNG. Underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. 33: 27. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. What tho' the tem-pests rage around thee, Child of the liv - ing God? Fear not to tread with
2. Strong is the Hand that leads thee forward, Changeless the Father's love; Dread not the surg-ing

faith and cour - age Where thy Redeem - er trod; Fail not to bear the gos - pel ban - ner,
waves be - low thee, Fear not the clouds a - bove; Hold fast the prom - ise of sal - va - tion,

Fear not the world's cold scorn; Tho' now the night be dark with sor-row, Joy com - eth with the morn.
And to the end en - dure; Ev - er be faithful to thy call-ing, And thy re-ward is sure.

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# Our Missing Treasures.

GRACE J. FRANCES. In my Father's house are many mansions.—John. 14: 2. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Cease, my heart, these earthly clingings, Life is bnt a fleet-ing day; One by one its links are bro-ken, One by one they pass a-way. Far be-yond this world of changes, Far be-yond this world of care, We shall find our miss-ing treasures, In our Father's mansion fair.
2. Faith-ful friends around us gath-er, Faithful friends our footsteps guide; But how ma-ny more are wait-ing, Waiting on the oth-er side.
3. Call not back the dear de-part-ed, Anchored safe where storms are o'er; On the bor-der land we left them, Soon to meet, and part no more.

CHORUS.

Far beyond

Far beyond we shall find

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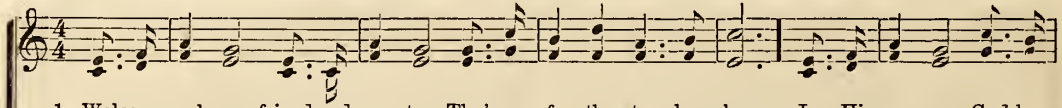
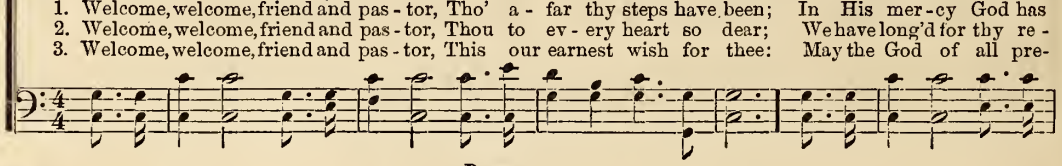
# Pastor's Welcome.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Esteem them very highly in love, for their work's sake.—1st Thess. 5: 13. W. H. DOANE.



1. Welcome, welcome, friend and pas - tor, Tho' a - far thy steps have been; In His mer - cy God has
2. Welcome, welcome, friend and pas - tor, Thou to ev - ery heart so dear; We have long'd for thy re -
3. Welcome, welcome, friend and pas - tor, This our earnest wish for thee: May the God of all pre-



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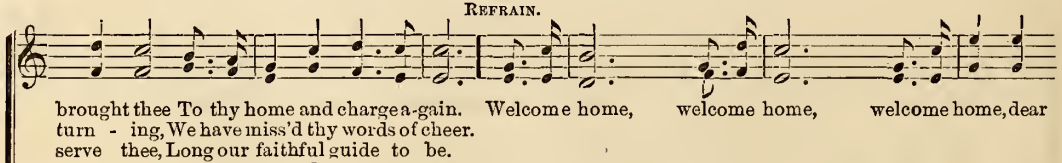
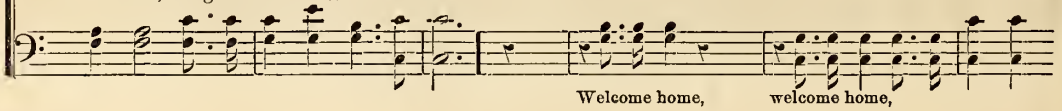
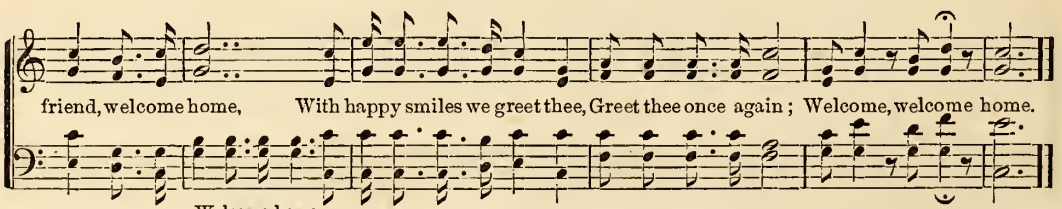


brought thee To thy home and charge a-gain. Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home, dear
turn - ing, We have miss'd thy words of cheer.
serve thee, Long our faithful guide to be.



Welcome home, welcome home,



friend, welcome home, With happy smiles we greet thee, Greet thee once again; Welcome, welcome home.

Welcome home,

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# Sing with a Tuneful Spirit. 141

FANNY J. CROSBY. The righteous doth sing and rejoice,—Prov. 29: 6. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sing with a tune - ful spir - it, Sing with a cheer - ful lay, Praise to thy great Cre - a - tor, While on the pil - grim way; Sing when the birds are wak-ing, Sing with the morning light; Sing in the noon - tide's gold - en beam, Sing in the hush of night.
2. Sing when the heart is troubled, Sing when the hours are long, Sing when the storm-cloud gath - ers; Sweet is the voice of song; Sing when the sky is dark-est, Sing when the thunders roll; Sing of the land where rest re - mains, Rest for the wea - ry soul.
3. Sing in the vale of shad - ows, Sing in the hour of death, And when the eyes are clos - ing, Sing with the lat - est breath; Sing till the heart's deep longings Cease on the oth - er shore; Then with the count - less num - bers there, Sing on for - ev - er more.

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# Be Joyful in God.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord.—Ps. 100 : 1. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Be joy - ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O serve Him with glad-ness and fear; Ex -
3. O en - ter His gates with thanks-giving and song, Your vows in His tem-ple pro - claim; His

ult in His presence with mu - sic and mirth, With love and de - vo-tion draw near. 2. Je -
praise with me - lo - dious ac - cordance pro - long, And bless His a - dor - a - ble name. 4. For

ho - vah is God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone, Cre - a - tor and Ru - ler o'er all; And
good is the Lord, in - ex - press - i - bly good, And we are the work of His hand; His

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we are His peo - ple, His scep - tre we own; His sheep, and we fol - low His call.
mer - cy and truth from e - ter - ni - ty stood, And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand.

## Lord, answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Let my prayer come before thee.—Ps. 88: 2. W. H. DOANE.

1. Where Thou dost bid me come, Trusting in Thee, Now like a wea - ry dove, Sav - iour, I flee;
2. All my un - faithful-ness Thine eye can see; Yet, in Thy ten - der love, Bless e - ven me;
3. Break thro' the clouds that hang Dark o'er my skies; Touch Thou my lan - guid soul, Help me to rise;

Weak as a bruis-ed reed, Thy quick'ning grace I need; O Spir - it, in - tercede; Lord, answer prayer.
Here at Thy mer - cy seat, My on - ly sure re - treat, Here at thy sa-cred feet, Lord, answer prayer.
Now let Thy smile di-vine Bright on my pathway shine; Je - sus, the pow'r is Thine; Lord, answer prayer.

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# Our Home Bright and Fair.

FANNY J. CROSBY. In my Father's house are many mansions.—John. 14: 2. W. H. DOANE.

1. Now the Saviour invites you to come, And fly to the arms of His love; In His kingdom of grace there is room, And a mansion of glo - ry a - bove.
2. Are you thirsty? remem-ber the call: O come, and sal-va-tion re-ceive; For the fountain is o - pen to all Who will tru - ly re - pent and be-lieve.
3. Are you wea-ry, and sighing for rest? To Je - sus your refuge re - pair; He will pil-low your head on His breast, If you seek him by watching and prayer.
4. To the faithful a promise is given, Who meekly His counsel o - bey, Of a crown of re-joic-ing in heav'n, And a treasure that fades not a - way.

CHORUS.

O - ver Jor-dan a home bright and fair, ..... Our Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare; ..... ] In that home..... bright and fair, bright and fair.

[*Omit*..... bright and fair, from our care,

In that home,

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# Great High Priest. 145

JOSEPH HART. We have a great High Priest.—Heb. 4: 14. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. { Great High Priest, we view Thee stoop - ing, With our names up - on Thy breast, }
In the gar - den, groan - ing, droop - ing, To the ground with hor - rors pressed; }

2. { On the cross Thy bod - y bro - ken Can - cels ev - ery pe - nal tie; }
Tempt - ed souls, pro - duce this to - ken, All de-mands to sat - is - fy; }

Weep - ing an - gels stood con-found - ed To be - hold their Mak - er thus; And can we re -
All is fin-ished; do not doubt it; But be - lieve your dy - ing Lord; Nev - er rea - son

main un-wound-ed When we know 'twas all for us?
more a - bout it; On - ly take Him at His word.

3 Lord, we fain would trust Thee solely;
'Twas for us Thy blood was spilt;
Bruisèd Bridegroom, take us wholly,
Take, and make us what Thou wilt;
Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
Passed on man's devoted race;
True belief and true repentance
Are Thy gifts, Thou God of grace.

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# 146 Saviour, Take my Hand in Thine.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. Lead me in the way everlasting.—Ps. 139: 24. W. H. DOANE.

1. Dear Sav - iour, take my hand in Thine, And lead me ev - 'ry day, That I may nev - er take a step But in the shin - ing way; I can - not on my - self re - ly, I can - not walk a - lone; O Sav - iour, take my hand in Thine, And lead me as Thine own.

2. O Sav - iour, take my hand in Thine, 'Tis oft a wea - ry way; And I have nev - er found my-self Suf - fi - cient for the day; Up - on Thy help I must re - ly My jour - ney to pur-sue; O Sav - iour, take my hand in Thine, And dai - ly strength re - new.

3. O Sav - iour, take my hand in Thine, Thou on - ly know'st the way; And Thou canst lead me in the path That ends in per - fect day; Thy gen - tle hand will safe - ly guide My pil - grim feet a - bove, And thro' the ev - er - last - ing years I'll mag - ni - fy Thy love.

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# Come unto Me and Live.



HELEN R. YOUNG. Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life.—John. 5: 40. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come un - to me and live— Now hear thy Sav - iour say— I free - ly will for - give, And wash thy guilt a - way.
2. Come un - to me and rest, O wea - ry wand'rer, come; Thou shalt be ful - ly blest, Find com - fort, peace, and home.
3. Once more thy Sav - iour calls, Once more His voice we hear; The evening twi - light falls, The dark - er shades ap - pear.

CHORUS.

See! the fountain of life is flow - ing, To cleanse thee from thy sin; While the mo - ments are swift - ly go - ing, O come and en - ter in.

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# Tell out the Joyful Tidings.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.—Psa. 89: 15. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Tell out the joy - ful ti - dings That once the Sav - iour told; Thro' vil - lage, town and
2. Tell out the joy - ful ti - dings, That all His grace may share, Who, trust-ing on - ly
3. Tell out the joy - ful ti - dings, That all who now be - lieve, The gift of life e -

cit - y, His precious truth un - fold; Tell out the joy - ful ti - dings, And publish far and
Je - sus, Will come by faith and prayer; Lift up the trembling mourner, So weak and crush'd with-
ter - nal From Je - sus shall re - ceive; A life be - yond the shadows That dim these fad - ing

*f*

wide The bless - ed, bless - ed sto - ry, That Christ for sin - ners died.
in, And say, "The blood of Je - sus Will cleanse from ev - 'ry sin."
skies, Where pleas - ure blooms im - mor - tal And friend - ship nev - er dies.

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# The Eleventh Hour.

MRS. ELLEN E. CHASE. He knocked saying, "May I now enter there?"—*Pilgrim's Progress.* W. H. DOANE.

1ST VOICE.

1. Who knocketh now at the wick - et gate? Who standeth there in the twi - light gray?
2. Where hast thou been all the long, long day? Why lose the path? It was plain to thee.
3. What fruit hast thou from the fields so fair? What golden sheaves that thy hands have bound?
4. What plea hast thou for thy slight - ed Lord, If now His ear He would bend to thee?

2ND VOICE.

A poor wand'rer lone; it is late— so late; The sun-light has fled from the dy - ing day;
I wan - dered in search of a bet - ter way, It seemed, ev - er seemed ver-y near to me;
My heart is oppressed with grief and care, The joy that I sought I have nev - er found;
The prom - ise He left in His Ho - ly Word, His blood, precious blood He has shed for me.

My locks are so damp with the fall - ing dews, Pray o - pen to me, for the night pur - sues.
Now wea - ry I come to the wick-et gate, And ven-ture to knock, tho' the hour be late.
Naught, naught do I bring from my wand'rings wide, But withered, pale leaves at the e - ven - tide.
O poor wand'ring one from the world of sin, In Je - sus' dear name, wea-ry one, come in.

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# 150 I would be a Light for Jesus.

Miss F. G. BROWNING. "Let your light so shine before men."—Matt. 5: 16. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I would be a light for Je - sus, Shining, shining night and day; Nev-er dim, but ev - er glowing With a clear and fadeless ray; In this world by sin be - clouded, Which the Man of sorrows trod,
2. I would be a light for Je - sus, Shining brighter ev - ery day; Turning back the wea - ry shadows, Driving ev - ery care a - way; I would shine beside the fal - len, Showing grace for sin and loss;
3. I can be a light for Je - sus, Where to-day He pla - ces me; Tho' I may not send the glimmer, O'er the dis - tant land and sea; Still, whatev - er be my mis-sion, I can shine for Him al - way;

CHORUS.

I would be a light for Je - sus, Leading to the Lamb of God. Shin - ing, shin - ing,
I would be a light for Je - sus, Beaming 'neath His blessed Cross.
I will be a light for Je - sus, Shining, shining night and day. Shining, shining,

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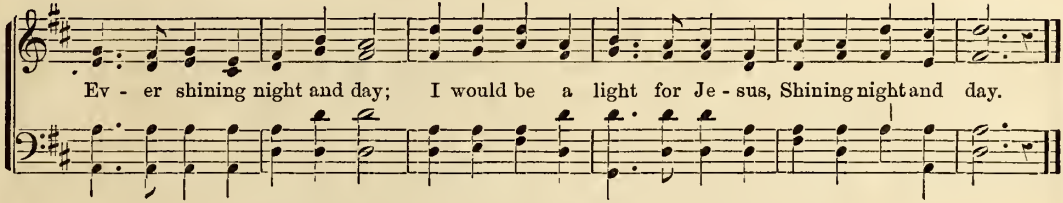
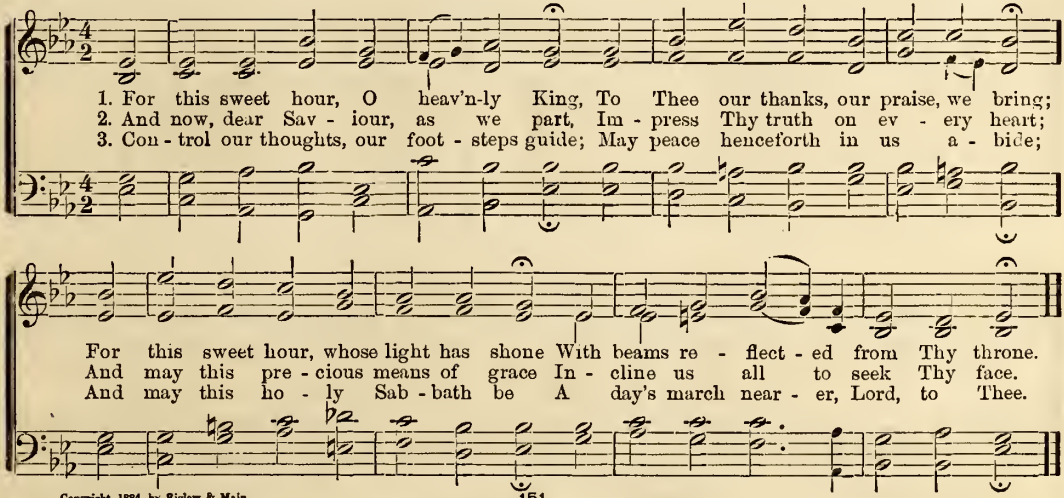



## Benedictus. (For closing of Service.)

Mrs. EDNA L PARK. Grace be with you.—2d Tim. 4 : 22. W. H. DOANE.

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# Watch, Brethren, Watch!

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. Like unto men that wait for their lord.—Luke 12: 36. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Watch, brethren, watch! The year is dy - ing; Watch. brethren, watch! Old Time is fly - ing;
2. Pray, brethren, pray! The sands are fall - ing; Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is call - ing;
3. Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rend - ing; Praise, brethren, praise! The fight is end - ing;

Watch as ye watch the part - ing breath, And as ye watch for life or death; E -
You tur - ret strikes the dy - ing chime; We kneel up - on the edge of time; E -
O see, the glo - ry com - eth near, The King Him - self will soon be here; E -

*rit.*

ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh, E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty.
ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh, E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty.
ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh, E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty.

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# Holy Spirit from Above. 153

S. D. PHELPS, D. D. — He shall give you another Comforter.—John 14: 16. — W. H. DOANE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Gift and pledge of Je - sus' love, To this wea-ry soul of mine,
2. Give me strength for ev - ery day, Keep me faith-ful in the way; Bid each doubt and murmur cease,
3. Now in Zi - on's anx-ious hour, Come with pen - te - cost - al power; Showers of blessing widely give,
4. More and more of Christ re - veal, Ful - ly my re-demption seal; Glo - ri - fy my Lord in me,

CHORUS.

Come with rest and life di - vine. Ho - ly Spir - it, come; Ho - ly Spir - it come; Dwell in my
Fill me with Thy light and peace.
Cause the dead in sin to live.
Till His glo - ry I shall see.

heart, its on - ly guide; Thy sweet counsel let me hear, Make my path of du - ty clear.

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# O Glorious God.

REV. J. B. MULFORD. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.—Ps. 48 : 1. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. O glo - ri - ous God! e - ter - nal and wise, Thou Maker of worlds, and Lord of the skies—To
2. O boun-ti - ful God! at - ten-tive and kind, Thou fullness of light to souls that are blind—To
3. O All - lov - ing God! be - nignant and pure, Thou Saviour of souls, whose promise is sure—To

Thee would we lift glad car-ols of praise, For all Thy rich gifts and won-der - ful ways; When
Thee would we yield the trib - ute of love, For blessings on earth and mansions a - bove; The
Thee would we give the love of our hearts, And take of Thy grace with all it im - parts; The

earth without form lay mantled in night, Thy lips spoke the word, and lo! there was light; When
mer - cies of life are held in Thy hand, The an - gels of help around Thee now stand; For
cross of Thy Son, all crimson with blood, Assures us of life be-yond the dark flood; For

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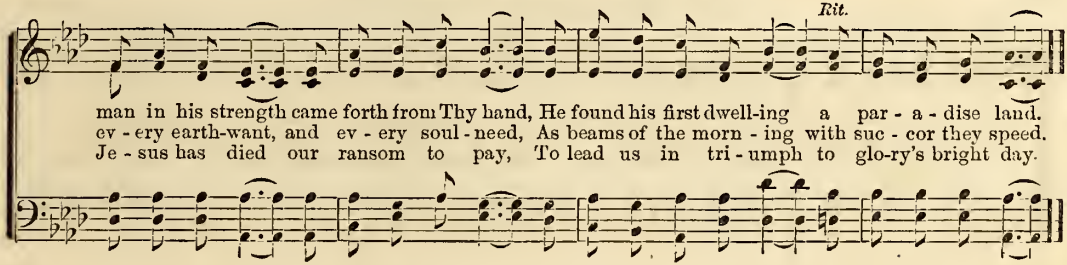
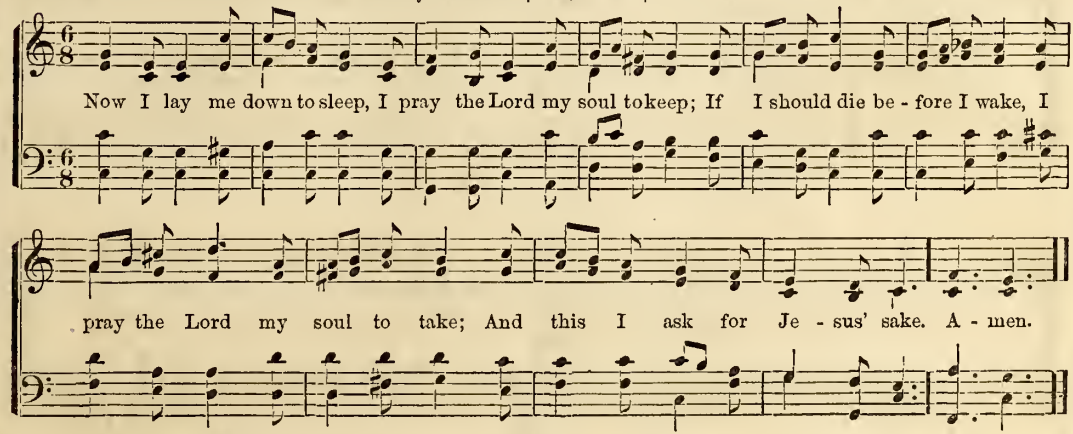
## O Glorious God.—Concluded.




## A Child's First Prayer.

ANON. I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep.—Ps. 4:8. HUBERT P. MAIN.

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# The Lion of Judah.

FANNY J. CROSBY. The Lion of the tribe of Judah * * * * hath prevailed.—Rev. 5: 5. W. H. DOANE.

1. How sweetly o'er the mountain of Zi-on, love-ly Zi-on, The anthem of a-ges comes sweeping along;
2. O hap-py, hap-py tidings, the kingdom now is opened, The seals are all broken; proclaim it a-far;
3. Ho-san-na in the highest, all glo-ry ev-er-lasting, The cross and its banner triumphant shall wave;

FINE.

The anthem of the faithful, we hear it, and, rejoicing, Our hearts in glad measure keep tune with the song.
From bondage and oppression by Him we are de-liv-ered, The Li-on of Judah, the bright Morning Star.
Ho-san-na in the highest, all glo-ry ev-er-last-ing, The Li-on of Judah His people will save.

D. S.—*Sweet anthem of the faith-ful, we hear it, and, re-joic-ing, Our hearts in glad measure keep tune with the song.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

O the Li-on of Judah hath triumphed for-ev-er, O the Li-on of Judah is mighty and strong;

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# Worthy the Lamb. 157

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKES. Worthy is the lamb that was slain.—Rev. 5: 12. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sing, my soul, the sweetest song— Wor-thy the Lamb, wor - thy the Lamb—Ev - er sung by
2. Lo, He marks each fall - ing tear— Wor-thy the Lamb, wor - thy the Lamb—Knows the se - cret
3. Saved by His a - ton - ing blood—Wor-thy the Lamb, wor - thy the Lamb—Kings and priests we

mor - tal tongue—Wor - thy the Lamb, wor - - thy the Lamb,..... The Lamb that once was
of each fear— Wor - thy the Lamb, wor - - thy the Lamb,..... The Lamb for sin - ners
reign to God— Wor - thy the Lamb, wor - - thy the Lamb,..... The Lamb's victo - rious

Wor-thy the Lamb, wor - thy the Lamb,

slain, The Lamb of God whose pre - cious blood Was nev - er shed in vain.
slain; For Him we count all gold but dross, And earth - ly loss but gain.
powers; He holds for us the heavenly heights, And Beu - lah's Land is ours.

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158

# Unanswered Yet?

Miss F. G. Browning. Though it tarry, wait for it.—Hab. 2 : 3. Robert Lowry.

1. Un-answered yet, the prayer your lips have plead-ed In ag-o-ny of heart these ma-ny
2. Un-answered yet? tho' when you first pre-sent-ed This one pe-ti-tion at the Fa-ther's

years? Does faith now fail you? is your hope de-part-ing? And think you all in
throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask-ing, So ur-gent was your

vain those fall-ing tears? Say not the Fa-ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de-
heart to make it known; Tho' years have passed since then, do not de-spair; The Lord will an-swer

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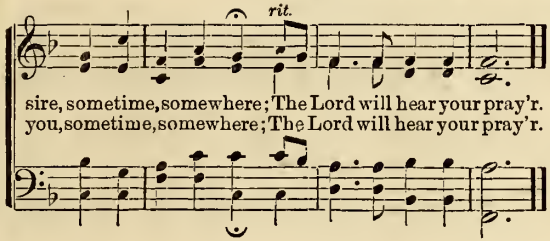
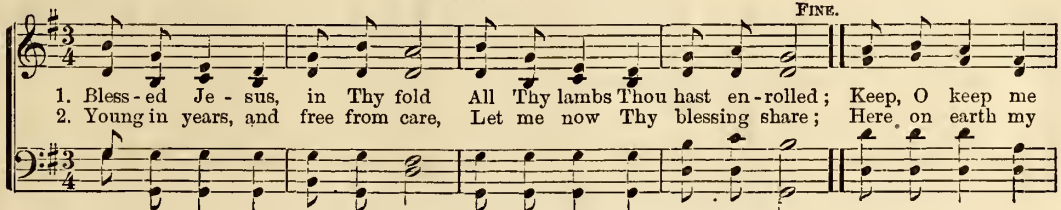


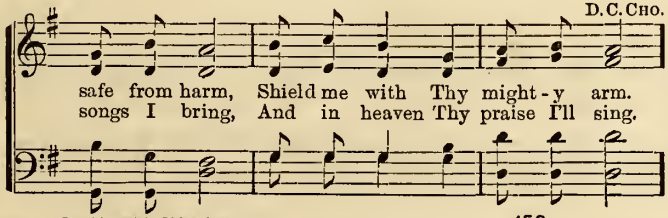

3.

Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun;
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere;
The Lord will hear your prayer.

## All Thy Lambs.

FANNY J. CROSBY. He shall gather the lambs.—Isa. 40: 11. W. B. BRADBURY.




3 Thanks to Thee for every gift,
Unto Thee my heart I lift;
Every blessing comes from Thee;
Let my praise accepted be.

4 All thro' life be Thou my guide,
Keep me, Saviour, near Thy side;
Thou my guardian, Thou my friend,
Safe from every snare defend.

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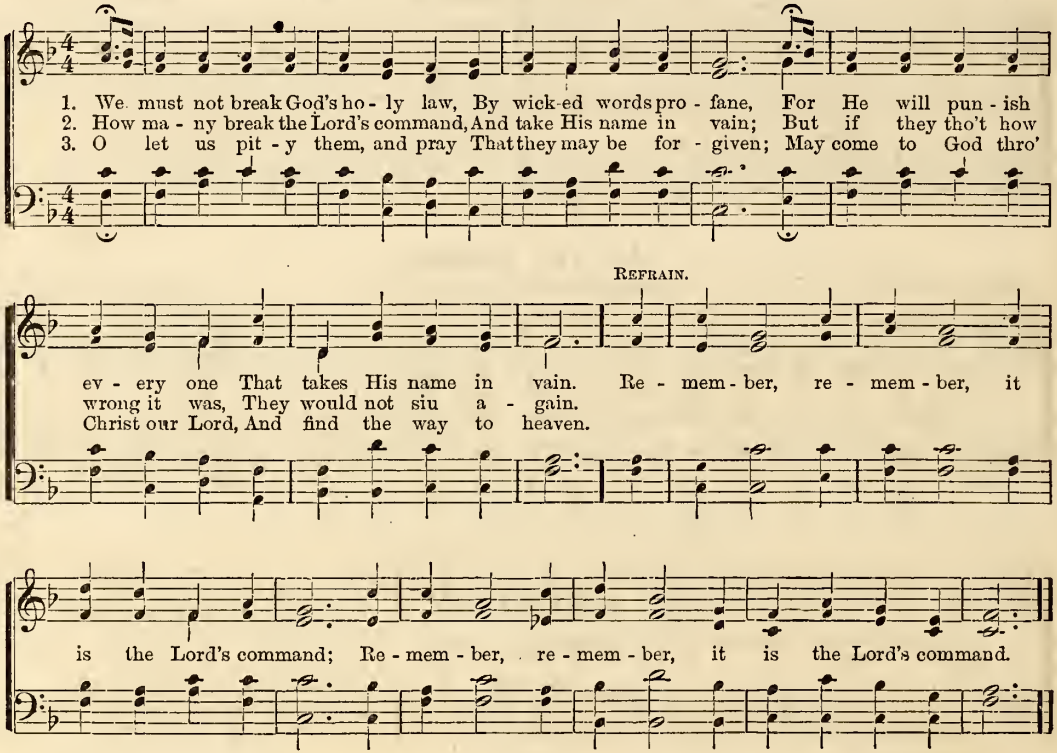
# 160 Third Commandment. (Primary Dept.)

FANNY J. CROSBY. Remember all the commandments of the Lord.—Num. 15: 39. W. H. DOANE.

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# Free Grace.

R. L. — If by grace, then is it no more of works.—Rom. 11: 6. — ROBERT LOWRY.

1. O precious grace of God's dear Lamb, The grace that makes me what I am! Thro' all my life my
2. 'Twas grace that led my wand'ring feet To find at last the mercy seat; And grace ar-rays me
3. 'Tis all of grace, the light, the strength, That brings my soul to heaven at length; That brightens all the

CHORUS.

cry shall be, See what His grace has done for me. Free grace, free grace shall be my song, Till
in the dress Of my Re-deem-er's righteousness.
cloudy way, Till clouds are lost in end-less day.

all the saints the sound prolong; No works of mine can e'er a-tone, For I am saved by grace a-lone.

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# Wells of Elim.

FANNY J. CROSBY. And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water.—Ex. 15: 27. W. H. DOANE.

1. Cool from the wells of E - lim, Soft - ly the wa-ters bright, Un - der the waving palm trees,
2. Out of the rock in Ho - reb, Smote by a wondrous rod, Quick-ly the gushing wa - ters
3. Pur - er than wells of E - lim Un - der the palm trees fair, Sweeter than Horeb's wa - ters

Smiled in the peace-ful light; There were the tents so good - ly, There was a na - tion strong,
Came at the voice of God; They who a - thirst were pin - ing, They who re-belled be - fore,
Hailed by the faint - ing there,—Low at the feet of mer - cy, Fresh from the springs a-bove,

REFRAIN.

Rest-ing awhile by Elim's wells, Prais-ing the Lord in song. O how a soul in Je - sus
Now, with delight and wonder filled, Drank and were glad once more.
Je - sus the liv - ing wa - ter gives, Bought with redeeming love.

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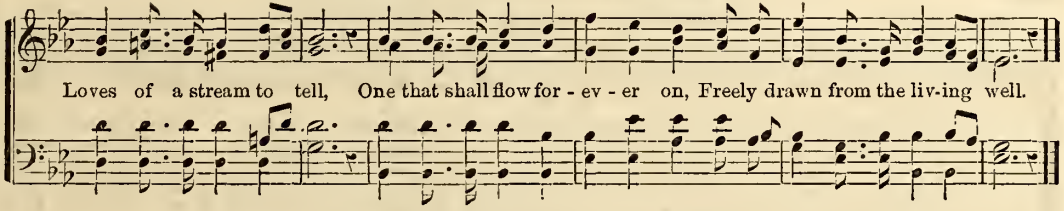
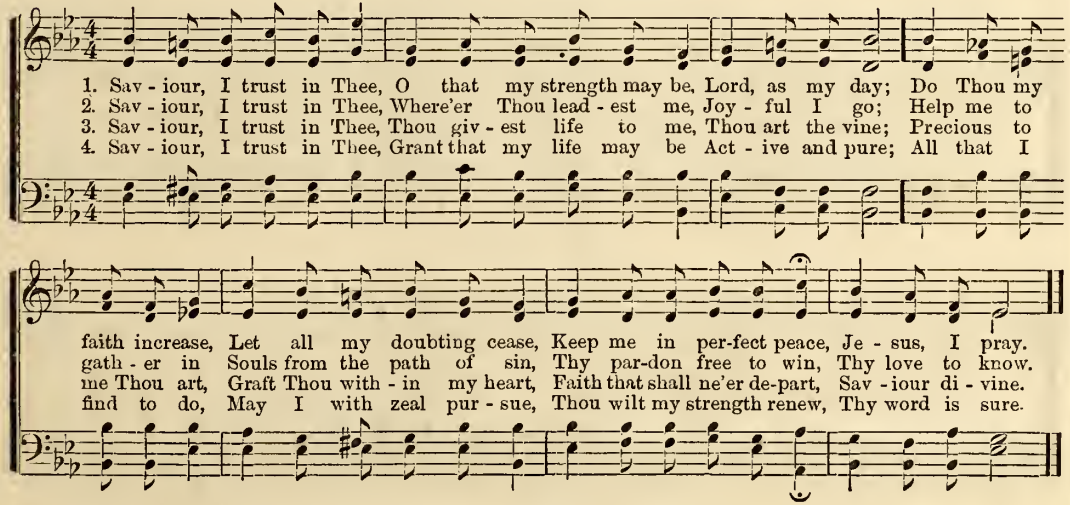



## Saviour, I Trust in Thee.

F. J. C. My soul trusteth in thee.—Ps. 57 : 1. S. J. VAIL.

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# Dear Lord, I need Thee.

EBEN E. REXFORD. I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.—Gen. 32 : 26. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Dear Lord, I need Thee all the time, The road is rough and steep; And on - ly as I trust to Thee, The way to heaven I keep; My sins a heav - y bur - den are; No peace, no rest I know; Dear Lord, un - til Thy blessing comes, How can I let Thee go?

2. Temp - ta - tions meet me ev - ery-where, To lure my heart from Thee; I can - not fight them, Lord, a - lone; Wilt Thou my help - er be? This heart of mine, so stained with sin, O wash it white, like snow; Dear Lord, un - til Thy blessing comes, How dare I let Thee go?

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## Dear Lord, I need Thee.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

I can - not let Thee go, I dare not let Thee go; Dear Lord, un - til Thy bless - ing comes, I will not let Thee go.

3 Dear Lord, I cannot walk alone,
My heart is full of fear;
I falter in the way to heaven
Unless I feel Thee near;
But when I touch Thy loving hand,
What rest and peace I know!
Dear Lord, until Thy blessing comes,
I will not let Thee go.

## Gloria Patri.

1. Glory be to the Father, and..... to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men.

# 166 Little Samuel. (Primary Class Song.)

W. H. D. The Lord called Samuel.—1 Sam. 3 : 4. W. H. Doane.

1. When lit - tle Samuel heard, And knew his Maker's voice, So kind was ev - ery word, It made his heart re -
2. I know I must have heard A whisper in my ear; A gen - tle, lov-ing voice, That told me God was

joice; God spoke to him by night, And yet no fear had he; If I could hear what Samuel heard, How
near; His Ho - ly Book Di-vine, With promise bright I see; To serve the Lord in ear - ly youth, Was

Refrain.

hap - py I should be. O speak, Lord, O speak Thou to - day; Thy
sure - ly meant for me.

O speak to me, O speak to me, Dear Lord, speak Thou to - day;

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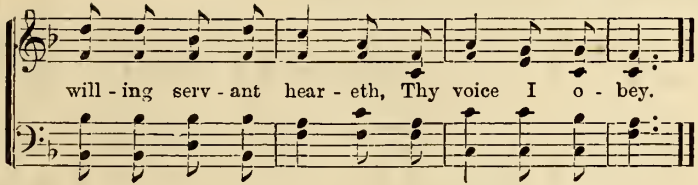
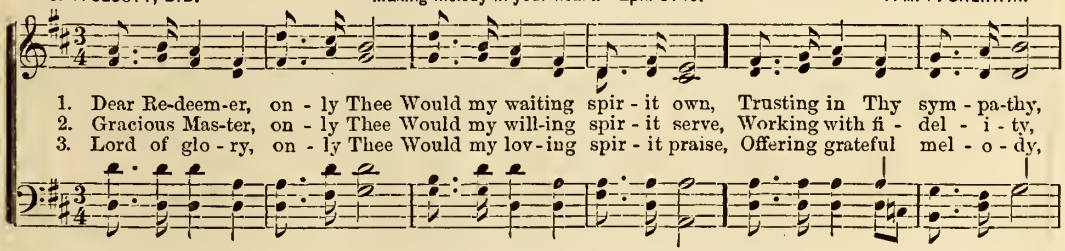
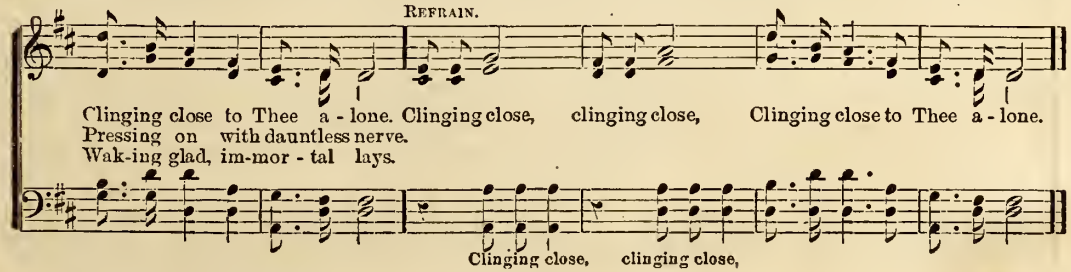



3 May Samuel's God be mine,
To guide me every day;
To smile in tender love,
And hear me when I pray;
Then if with all my heart
I try to do His will,
The hand that led my early years
Will lead me onward still.

## Clinging Close.

S. Wolcott, D.D. Making melody in your heart.—Eph. 5: 19. Wm. F. Sherwin.

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# 168 The promised Day is dawning. (Missionary.)

Mrs. EDNA L. PARK. Go ye therefore and teach all nations.—Matt. 28:19. W. H. DOANE.

1. The promised day is dawn - ing, With slow and steady light; God's ho - ly word is spread - ing O'er climes of dark - est night; Yet, from those dis - tant re - gions, We hear the plain-tive cry For Bi - ble truths, to teach them From sin and death to fly.
2. Our mis - sion fields pro - gress - ing, With grate-ful hearts we view; Great things have been ac - com - plished, But much re - mains to do; We need more Christian work - ers, The cross of Christ to bear; And who, we ask, are will - ing The toil with us to share?
3. Re - mem - ber, O re - mem - ber The Saviour's last command, Go forth and preach the gos - pel, Go forth to ev - ery land; Be - lieve and trust the prom - ise, And on its truth de - pend; Lo, I am with you al - way, Yes, with you to the end.

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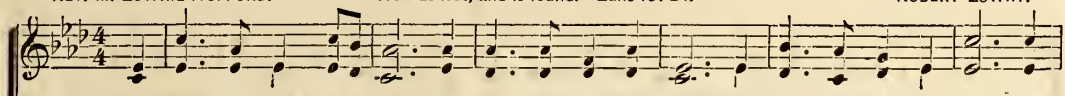
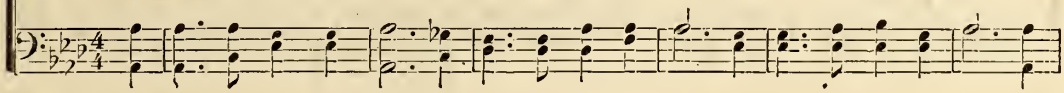
# Bring forth the Royal Robe. 169

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. He was lost, and is found.—Luke 15: 24. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Bring forth the roy - al robe, Be-hold, the lost is found; Bring forth the sig - net ring, Let
2. Now spread the fes - tal board, The ban - quet-ing pre - pare; And let the lost one, found, The
3. There's joy on earth be - low, There's joy in heaven a - bove, When one re - pent-ing soul Ac -



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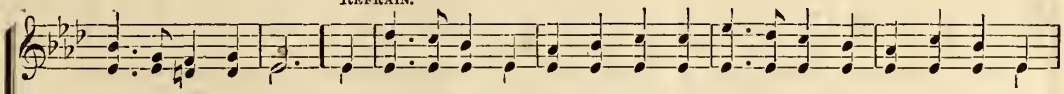
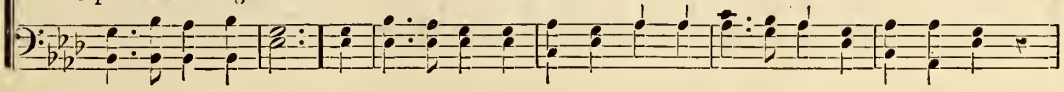
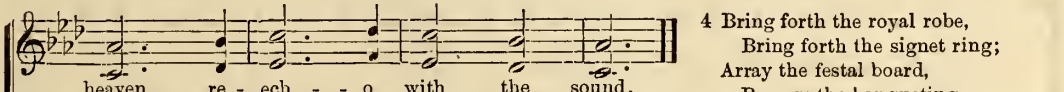


mirth and song a - bound. The lost is found, the lost is found, Let heaven re-ech-o with the sound, Let
feast of gladness share.
cepts redeem-ing love.



heaven re - ech - - o with the sound.



Let heaven re - ech - o, re - ech - o with the sound.

4 Bring forth the royal robe,
Bring forth the signet ring;
Array the festal board,
Prepare the banqueting.
The lost is found, the lost is found,
Let heaven re-echo with the sound.

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170

# Pisgah's Mountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Get thee up into the top of Pisgah.—Deut. 3: 27. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Joy-ful a-way to Pisgah's mountain, Borne on the wings of faith we soar; Sweetly we hear the
2. Christians, behold the hill of Zi-on; See where our pur-est treasure lies; Work for the Lord, what-
3. We're pressing on with ea-ger longing, Soon we shall reach the swelling tide; Je-sus will bear us

ech-o ring-ing, Hap-py voic-es on the oth-er shore; Hark! they sing in the bright vales of E-den,
e'er our tri-als, O be faithful, we shall win the prize; Crown'd with light in a mansion of beau-ty,
safe-ly o-ver, We shall an-chor on the oth-er side; Saved by grace, to His kingdom ex-alt-ed,

Songs of praise to the Lamb that was slain; Round His throne with the martyrs they gath-er, There u-nit-
We shall dwell with the pure and the blest; We shall sing with the faith-ful in glo-ry, Where the wea-
When the bil-lows of Jor-dan are passed, We shall sing with the friends we have cherished, Glo-ry, glo-

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## Pisgah's Mountain.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

ed for ev - er to reign. Would you sit by the banks of the riv - er, With the friends you have
ry for ev - er shall rest.
ry, we're home, home at last.

loved by your side? Would you join in the songs of the an - gels? Then be rea l-y to fol-low your guide.

## O Taste and See.

Ps. 34: 8. R. L.

1st time. 2d time.

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him; trusteth in him.

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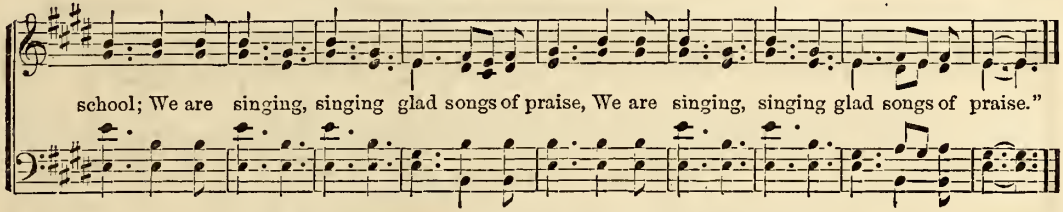
# Voices, Happy Voices.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Take fast hold of instruction.—Prov. 4: 13. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Voic-es, hap-py voic - es, In the Sun-day-school I heard; I hurried a - long, and I chanc'd to see A youthful band, and they said to me, "Why will you lin - ger? Why will you stay?
2. Voic-es. hap-py voic - es, On the gen - tle summer breeze; How sweetly they come to the wanderer's heart, And bid the tear of re - pentance start; List to the cho-rus; what does it say?
3. Voic-es, hap-py voic - es, From the Sun-day-school a - rise; The err-ing they lead to the path of right, And make the soul of the mourner bright, Tell-ing of rap-ture, tell - ing of rest,

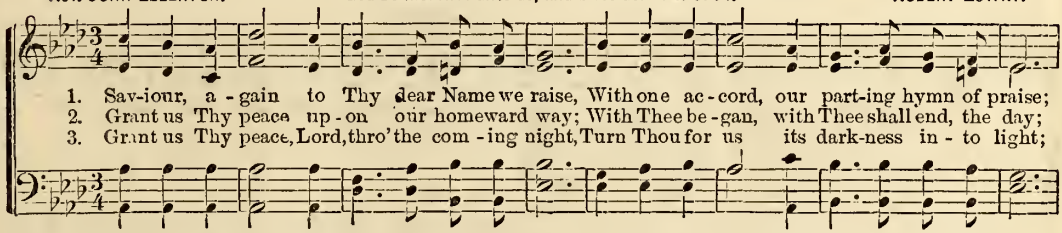
CHORUS.

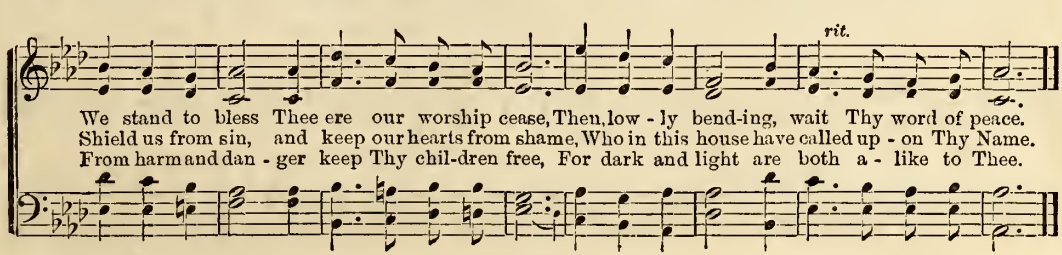
Turn from your pastime, turn from your play. O come to the Sunday-school, O come to the Sunday-
"Turn from your pastime, turn from your play.
Point-ing to Zi - on, home of the blest.




## Saviour, again to Thy dear Name.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON. God be merciful unto us, and bless us.—Ps. 67:1. ROBERT LOWRY.

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# Abraham's Faith.

Mrs. E. L. Andrews. The Lord preserveth the faithful.—Ps. 31: 23. W. H. Doane.

1. The Lord command - ed A - bra - ham, Give thy son to me, Thine on - ly son whom
2. He built an al - tar on the mount, Placed the wood with care; Then bound the loved one
3. But hark! the voice that called his name Staid the fa - tal blow; Touch not the lad, Je -
4. Lord, grant to us a faith like this, Steadfast, firm in Thee, That yields o - be-dience

Refrain.

thou dost love, A sac - ri - fice to be. The Lord command - ed; he obeyed, His
of his heart, And would have slain him there.
ho - vah said, For now thy faith I know.
to Thy word, What-e'er that word may be.

faith un-falt'ring still; O - bedient ev - er to the voice of his God, He answered, Lord, I will.

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# I believe in Jesus.



EDWARD A. BARNES. Dost thou believe on the Son of God?—John 9: 35. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I be-lieve in Je - sus and His word, The word of life, so sweet and free, And that He came to
2. I be-lieve in Je - sus and His cross, And in the blood so free-ly shed; I know He takes a -
3. I be-lieve in Je - sus and His name, That gives access to mercy's throne; No oth - er name can

man - i - fest His love, And by His death to ransom me. O how sweet it is to sing, I be -
way the guilt of sin, And grants me pardon in its stead.
sat - is - fy my faith, For I am saved by Him a - lone.

REFRAIN.

I be -

lieve, I be-lieve! To Him a - lone my soul will cling; I be-lieve on the Son of God.

lieve, I be-lieve, I be-lieve, I believe!

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# Jubilate Deo.

MARY A. KIDDER. Praise ye the Lord.—Ps. 150: 6. W. H. DOANE.

*Sprightly.*

1. Joy, joy, joy to-day! Joy, joy, joy to-day! We are marching on, We are marching on;
2. Joy, joy, joy to-day! Joy, joy, joy to-day! Glo - ry be to God, Je - sus is our King;

DUET. *p* — *ff* CHORUS. — *p* DUET.

Shout a - loud for Christ our King, Joy to - day, joy to - day! Let the joy - ful cho - rus ring,
Loud our anthems let us raise, Joy to - day, joy to - day! Praise His name for - ev - er praise,

*ff* CHORUS. — *pp* QUARTET.

As we march a - long; Lift the gos - pel ban - ner high, Sing the cho - rus
As we march a - long; Let ex - ult - ant an - thems rise, From the full - ness

*ff* CHORUS.

of the sky, The Lord our God shall tri - umph o'er His foes. Let sal - va - tion be our plea,
of the soul, Un - til they reach the ho - ly courts on high. Speak the news from shore to shore

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# Jubilate Deo.—Concluded.

As we march a - long; Sound the note of vic - to - ry, As we march a - long; Let our ad - o -
Trav'lers bound to heav'n; Christ is King for ev - er - more, Trav'lers bound to heaven; He hath died to

ra - tion blend With the songs that nev - er end, For wor - thy is the Lamb that
give us life, Joy for pain, and peace for strife, And now He sit - teth on the

once was slain. { Hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry be to God; Hal - le - lu - jah,
throne of God. { Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus is our King; Glo - ry, glo - ry,

Glo - ry be to God; }
Je - sus is our King. } Glo - ry be to God, Je - sus is our King.

# At the Jordan.

R. L. And the people hasted and passed over.—Josh. 4: 10. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. We are on our march thro' a des - ert land, With the banner of Je - ho - vah o'er us;
2. With the cloud by day and the fire by night, All the journey has our hope been glow-ing;
3. To the Jor - dan's brink we at last shall come, And the Ark of God will cleave the riv - er;

We have lived our life like a pil-grim band, With the hap-py end of toil be - fore us.
We shall look ere long on the promised height, With the riv - er in between us flow - ing.
With the tread of faith we shall gain our home, And our hearts shall be at rest for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

At the Jor - dan, at the Jor - dan, We shall nev - er fear the passage to the oth - er side;

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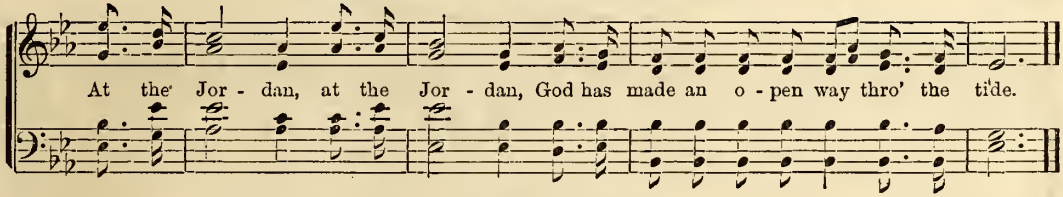
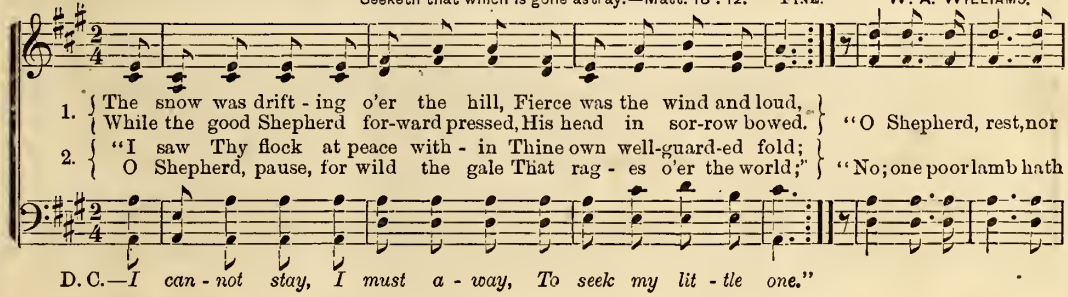
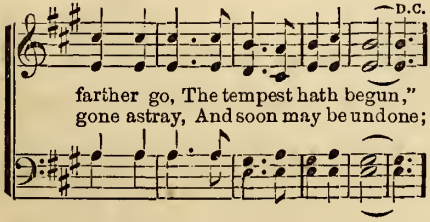
## At the Jordan.—Concluded.




## The Good Shepherd.

Seeketh that which is gone astray.—Matt. 18 : 12. FINE. W. A. WILLIAMS.




3 "But since Thy flock are all secure, Why to the height repair?
If Thou hast ninety-nine at home, Why for a truant care?"
"Dearer to me than all the rest, Is that poor struggling son;
I cannot stay, I must away, To seek my little one!"

4 Even so, I thought, our gracious Lord Hath in His heart divine
A wealth of love for all His saints—For all the ninety-nine;
But most He loves, and most He seeks, His soul by sin undone;
And still He sighs, "I must away, To seek my little one!"

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# 180 Every word of God is pure.

Every word of God is pure.—Prov. 30: 5.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

*Andantino.*

Ev - ery word of God is pure; Ev - ery word of God is pure; Every word of God is pure; Ev - ery

*p*

word of God is pure; He is a shield to them, He is a shield to them, He is a shield to them that

trust in Him; He is a shield to them, He is a shield to them, He is a shield to them that

He is a shield to them, He is a

QUALTET.

trust in Him. He is a shield to them, He is a shield to them, He is a shield to them that

shield to them, He..... is.... a shield to them that put their trust in

put their trust in Him; He is a shield to them, He is a shield to them, He is a shield to them that

Him.

*rit.*

CHORUS.

*Earnestly.*

*ff*

put their trust in Him. Ev-ery word of God is pnre: He is a shield to them that trust in Him.

# Draw me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Let us draw near with a true heart.—Heb. 10: 22. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine; Let my soul look
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea, There are heights of

REFRAIN.

rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee. Draw me near-er, nearer, blessed Lord,
up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

nearer, nearer,

To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

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# Where will you go?

W. S.

Lord, to whom shall we go?—John 6: 68.

WM. STEVENSON.

1. Glad ti-dings! glad ti-dings! the mes-sage for thee; In Christ there is heal-ing, sal-
2. O sin-ner, why long-er, in fol-ly and pride, Neg-lect the sal-va-tion which
3. A man-sion is wait-ing and glo-ries un-told; The gates are of jas-per, the

va-tion is free; The poor-est, the vil-est, to Je-sus may turn,— O
Christ doth pro-vide? Not yours is to-mor-row, the call is to-day; This
streets made of gold; Its joys are un-fad-ing, its beau-ty en-dures; O

D. S.—*The poor-est, the vil-est, to Je-sus may turn,— O*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

where will you go if His mer-cy you spurn? Where? O where? Where? O where?
night may your spir-it be summoned a-way.
where will you dwell if this home is not yours?

*where will you go if His mer-cy you spurn?*

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# Christ is all.

ANON. Christ is all, and in all.—Col. 3 : 11. W. A. WILLIAMS.

*Not too fast.*

1. I stood be-side a dy-ing bed, Where a sweet in-fant drooped his head, Waiting for Je-sus' call;
2. I saw the mar-tyr at the stake, And not fierce flames his faith could shake, Or death his soul appall;
3. I saw the gos-pel her-ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow, To save from Satan's thrall;
4. Then come to Je-sus—come to-day; "Come," Father, Son, and Spirit say; The Bride repeats the call;

I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May; And as his spir-it passed a-way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
I asked him whence such strength was given, He looked triumphantly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all."
Nor hope nor life he counted dear; 'Midst wants and perils owned no fear; He felt that Christ was all.
Come, He has blood for all your stains; Come, He has balm for all your pains, Come, He is all in all.

CHORUS.

All in all, All in all, He whispered, "Christ is all;" All in all, All in all, He whispered, "Christ is all."
And answered, "Christ is all;" And answered, "Christ is all."

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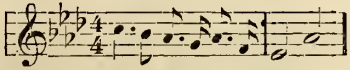
## 185 PASS ME NOT.



1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—
Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

3 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

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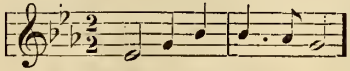
## 186 OLIVET.

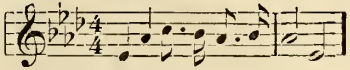


1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

Ray Palmer, D.D.

## 187 PRECIOUS NAME.



1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you.
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

2 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet, [Him,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown
When our journey is complete.

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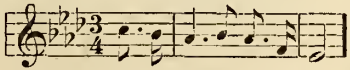
## 188 EVERY DAY AND HOUR.



1 Saviour, more than life to me.
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REF.—
Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

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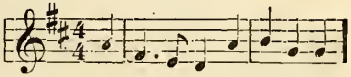
## 189 HE LEADETH ME.



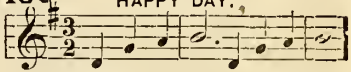
1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By his own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

Prof. J. H. Gilmore.

## 190 HAPPY DAY.



1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

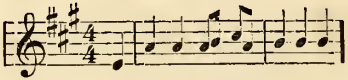
CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day, When &c.

2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

3 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

## 191 LOVING KINDNESS.



1 Awake, my soul; in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, O how free!
His loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, O how free!

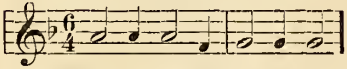
2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last. expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

## 192 MARTYN.

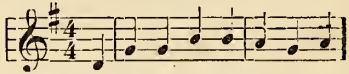


1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour. hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

## 193 CORONATION.



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

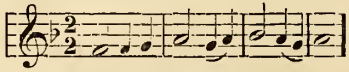
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet.

## 194 HAMBURG.



1 Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

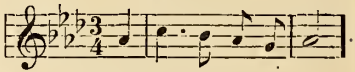
2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt.
With fears within, with foes without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

## 195 I NEED THEE.



1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

Ref.—I need Thee, O I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

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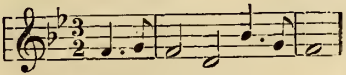
## 196 TOPLADY.



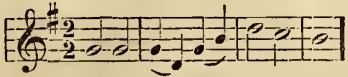
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. A. M. Toplady.

## 197 HENDON.



1 Bless, O Lord, the opening year,
To each soul assembled here;
Clothe Thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be Thine.

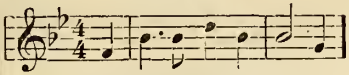
2 Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves, and look to Thee.

3 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

4 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
All Thy power and all Thy love.

Rev. John Newton.

## 198 WEBB.



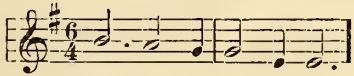
1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Rev. S. F. Smith.

## 199 BETHANY.



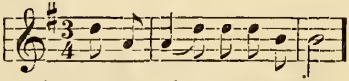
1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

## 200 AMBOY.

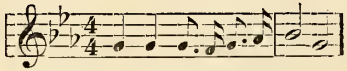


1 "Christ the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

## 201 BEAUTIFUL RIVER.



1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod—
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing from the throne of God?

CHO.—
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows from the throne of God.

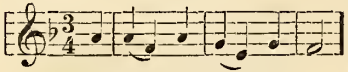
2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We shall walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-King we own,
We shall meet and sorrow never,
'Neath the glory of the throne.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Rev. R. Lowry.

## 202 DENNIS.



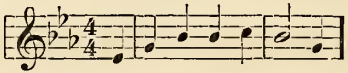
1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

Rev. John Fawcett.

## 203 MISSIONARY HYMN.



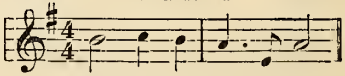
1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

R. Heber. D.D.

## 204 DYING LOVE.



1 Saviour, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee;
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

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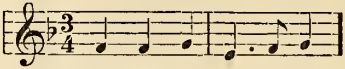
S. D. Phelps. D.D.

## 205 AMERICA.



1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith. D.D.

# INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

*The numbers indicate pages.*


ACTIVITY—14, 31, 32, 40, 42, 53, 59, 83, 87, 93, 110, 114, 115, 126, 130, 131, 132, 138, 150.

AFFLICTION—38, 39, 120, 139.

ANNIVERSARIES—36, 44, 176, 180.

BIBLE—3, 50, 168, 180.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH—30, 37, 62, 66, 85, 121, 133, 137, 159.

CHRIST, BIRTH OF—84, 122, 156.

" RESURRECTION OF—23, 46, 60, 187.

" SECOND ADVENT OF—25, 63, 94, 116, 127, 152.

" COMING TO—16, 30, 34, 56, 65, 79, 103, 118, 133, 145, 186.

" INVITED TO—33, 52, 56, 71, 74, 98, 108, 112, 123, 147, 171, 172, 183.

" PRAISE TO—9, 11, 24, 26, 47, 58, 67, 68, 104, 157, 185, 186.

CLOSING SCHOOL—64, 102, 107, 151, 173.

CONSECRATION—7, 8, 15, 41, 73, 81, 99, 124, 167, 182, 187.

DEPENDENCE—5, 15, 20, 29, 34, 47, 65, 78, 82, 96, 100, 107, 118, 129, 135, 146, 164, 186.

FAITH—16, 18, 20, 30, 31, 48, 54, 55, 75, 79, 102, 105, 109, 113, 119, 138, 161, 163, 174, 175, 185, 188.

HEAVEN—4, 10, 17, 20, 22, 28, 38, 51, 57, 69, 76, 77, 88, 91, 117, 120, 134, 144, 170, 188.

HOLY SPIRIT—13, 153.

HOPE—17, 32, 35, 44, 88, 90, 92, 95, 127, 141, 170, 178.

JOY—46, 50, 68, 100, 106, 108, 124, 128, 140, 141, 142, 161, 169, 176, 185.

LIFE AND DEATH—4, 10, 12, 19, 38, 51, 90, 96, 107, 139, 152, 178.

LOVE—99, 100, 106, 179, 186, 188.

MISSIONARY—6, 27, 43, 70, 87, 115, 122, 148, 156, 168, 187.

NEW YEAR—187.

OPENING SCHOOL—3, 13, 50, 82.

OUR COUNTRY—27, 188.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT—33, 37, 61, 62, 66, 85, 121, 125, 133, 136, 155, 159, 160, 166.

PRAISE TO GOD—46, 58, 67, 106, 111, 141, 142, 154, 165, 176.

PRAYER—21, 34, 49, 82, 85, 89, 94, 101, 105, 109, 143, 158.

REPENTANCE—16, 78, 80, 97, 101, 103, 149.

REST—22, 57, 69, 77.

SALVATION—54, 55, 70, 71, 72, 74, 86, 123, 145, 161, 162, 183, 184, 187.

TEMPERANCE—45, 132.

THANKSGIVING—24, 111, 142.

WORSHIP—3, 46, 50, 58, 89, 142, 154.

# INDEX.

Titles in Small Caps—First Lines in Roman.

## A.


NO.

Abide with me! fast falls..... 107
ABRAHAM'S FAITH..... 174
A CHILD'S FIRST PRAYER..... 155
ALL ALONG..... 47
All hail the power of Jesus' name.... 193
ALL THY LAMBS..... 159
And is it true, what I am told..... 37
ART THOU HE THAT SHOULD COME.... 127
At the golden gate of prayer..... 49
AT THE JORDAN..... 178
AWAKE, AND SHOUT HOSANNA..... 123
Awake! for the Master is calling..... 59
AWAKE IN JESUS..... 92
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays..... 191


## B.


BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GRAIN..... 40
BEAUTIFUL HILLS OF GLORY..... 91
BEAUTIFUL WAY..... 131
BECAUSE THOU LEADEST ME..... 113
BE JOYFUL IN GOD..... 142
BENEDICTUS..... 151
BE NOT WEARY..... 42
BEYOND THE ROLLING SEA..... 22
BLESSED BE THE LAMB..... 11
BLESSED HOME-LAND..... 117
Blessed Jesus, in Thy Fold..... 159
BLESSED SPIRIT..... 13
Blessed Spirit, rest, we pray..... 13
Bless, O Lord, the opening year..... 197
Blest be the tie that binds..... 202
Breaking through the clouds..... 134
BRIGHT FOREVER..... 134
BRIGHT GLORY BEAMS..... 20
BRIGHT GLORY TO COME..... 4
BRING FORTH THE ROYAL ROBE..... 169


## C.


CAST AWAY THE WORKS OF..... 116
Cease, my heart, these earthly..... 139
CHRIST HATH RISEN..... 60
CHRIST IS ALL..... 184
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day"..... 200
CLINGING CLOSE..... 167
COME, GREAT DELIVERER, COME..... 78
COME IN AND DWELL WITH ME..... 7
Come in, come in, O Saviour..... 7
COME, LET US SING OF JESUS..... 104
COME LIKE THE LEPER..... 98
Come, my Redeemer, come..... 29
COME UNTO ME AND LIVE..... 147
COME, YE CHILDREN..... 33
Cool from the wells of Elim..... 162


## D.


DAY BY DAY..... 75
Day had softly faded..... 18
DEAR LORD, I NEED THEE..... 164
Dear Redeemer, only Thee..... 167
Dear Saviour, take my hand..... 146
DRAW ME NEARER..... 182


## E.


NO.

ENOUGH FOR ME..... 119
EVENING HYMN..... 64
EVENTIDE..... 107
EVERY WORD OF GOD IS PURE..... 180
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not..... 4


## F.


FAITH WINGS MY SOUL TO THEE..... 109
FATHER, BEFORE THY THRONE..... 101
FLOWING FOR THEE..... 71
FOLLOW THE PATH OF JESUS..... 93
FOREVER THINE..... 97
For this sweet hour, O heavn'ly King.. 151
FREE GRACE..... 161
From Greenland's icy mountains..... 203
From the lofty hills of Moab..... 17


## G.


GATHER THEM IN..... 53
Glad tidings! glad tidings!..... 183
Gliding o'er life's fitful waters..... 117
GLORIA PATRI..... 165
Glory be to the Father..... 165
Glowing in the sunlight..... 40
GOD'S PROMISES..... 120
GOLDEN GATE OF PRAYER..... 49
Grant me a deeper love..... 73
GREAT HIGH PRIEST..... 145

# Index.


NO.

## H.

Happy Beulah land..... 66
Happy little pilgrims..... 61
Hear the Master say..... 83
He came in the hush of the silent.... 103
He giveth His children rest..... 69
He is abundantly able to save.... 74
He leadeth me! O blessed thought!.. 189
Here and there..... 35
Here the battle and the conflict..... 35
His little one..... 37
Hold on, hold on..... 110
Hold Thou me up..... 100
Holy Spirit from above..... 153
Hosanna in the highest..... 26
How sweet from the scriptures..... 86
How sweetly o'er the mountain..... 156
Hursley..... 89

## I.

I am thine, O Lord, I have..... 182
I believe in Jesus..... 175
I cannot seek too early..... 30
I could not do without Thee..... 96
In a little while more..... 90
I need Thee every hour..... 195
I now am so happy..... 108
In perfect trust, I now commit..... 113
In the land of strangers..... 112
In the mansions eternal..... 69
I stood beside a dying bed..... 184
Is your hand on the plow..... 110
I take this pain, Lord Jesus..... 39
I was glad..... 50
I will tell what the Lord hath done... 106
I would be a light for Jesus..... 150

## J.

Jacob's dream..... 18
Jesus at the well..... 86
Jesus came and sought me..... 47
Jesus is mine..... 48
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 192
Jesus, our gracious Lord..... 27
Joy! again the earth is waking..... 60
Joyful away to Pisgah's mountain.... 170
Joyful we in our Sabbath home..... 11
Joy, joy, joy to-day..... 176
Jubilate Deo..... 176
Just as I am, without one plea..... 194

## L.

Let all within me praise the name.... 67
Let me sing..... 68
Let my heart be pure from sin..... 99
Lift me higher..... 8
Lift up thy portal..... 51
Little children, come to Jesus..... 121
Little friends of Jesus..... 62
Little Samuel..... 166
Live to do your duty..... 130
Lofty hills of Moab..... 17
Look up! behold, the fields..... 87
Lord, answer prayer..... 143
Lord, a Saviour's love displaying. 6
Lord, how very often must this heart. 97
Lord, I come to Thee..... 16
Lord of life..... 23
Love of Jesus..... 99

## M.

Make me like the palm..... 129
Marching along with banner..... 36
Marching on to Zion..... 44
Master, speak..... 118
More, more like Thee..... 73
My country, 'tis of thee..... 205
My faith looks up to Thee..... 186
My heart overflowing..... 128

## N.

Nearer, my God, to Thee..... 199
No one, save Jesus only..... 56
No other Guide..... 29
Now I lay me down to sleep..... 155
Now the Saviour invites you..... 144

NO.

## O.

O come to the fountain of mercy..... 71
O Father mine..... 41
O Glorious God..... 154
O happy day that fixed my choice.... 190
O hear my cry, be gracious now..... 78
O Light of light, shine in..... 15
One loving word from Jesus..... 135
Only a doorkeeper..... 126
On the field of work..... 14
O praise the Lord, my soul..... 67
O precious grace of God's dear..... 161
O Rock of refuge..... 65
O sing to the Lord..... 24
O Saviour mine, who now..... 100
O taste and see..... 171
O tell me still more of the..... 72
O the blessed cross of Christ..... 54
Our Father who art in heaven..... 105
Our home bright and fair..... 144
Our missing treasures..... 139
Over my spirit, silently musing..... 5
O Zion! lovely Zion!..... 28

## P.

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour..... 185
Pastor's welcome..... 140
Peacefully, tranquilly..... 64
Pisgah's mountain..... 170
Planted in Thy house, O Lord..... 129
Praise the Lord, break forth..... 58
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord..... 58
Precious promises..... 52
Precious tidings we hear..... 132
Purer yet, and purer..... 81

## R.

Remember in youth thy Creator... 137
Rest and home..... 57
Rock of Ages, cleft for me..... 196

# Index.

## S.


NO.

SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME .. 173
SAVIOUR, GRANT US NOW THY BLESSING 82
SAVIOUR, I TRUST IN THEE ..... 163
SAVIOUR, LISTEN TO OUR PRAYER..... 34
Saviour, more than life to me ..... 188
SAVIOUR, TAKE MY HAND IN THINE.... 146
Saviour, Thy dying love..... 204
SAVIOUR, WHILE MY HEART IS TENDER. 133
SAVIOUR, WHO THY FLOCK ART FEEDING 85
Say, shall we meet, and forever ..... 76
SECRET PRAYER..... 21
SEE THE SPARKLING WATER ..... 45
Shall we gather at the river..... 201
SHALL WE MEET?..... 76
Sing, my soul, the sweetest song..... 157
SING WITH A TUNEFUL SPIRIT..... 141
SOME SWEET DAY, BY AND BY..... 38
SOMETHING TO FEAST THE SOUL..... 3
SOON AND FOREVER ..... 95
SOUND THE TRUMPET..... 70
SPEED THE DAY..... 132
STAND LIKE DANIEL..... 114
STEP BY STEP..... 31
STILL THEY GO AND LEAVE US..... 19
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear .. 89
Sweetest name in the realms above... 9
SWEETEST NAME ON EARTH..... 9


## T.


Take the name of Jesus with you.... 187
TAKE THE PROMISE..... 102
TELL OUT THE JOYFUL TIDINGS..... 148
TENTING BY THE SHORE..... 12
THANKS TO THEE..... 111
THE BORDER LAND OF CANAAN..... 88
THE ELEVENTH HOUR..... 149
THE GOOD SHEPHERD ..... 179
THE HIGHWAY OF THE LORD..... 122
THE JORDAN IS ROLLING..... 10
THE KING'S HIGHWAY..... 106
THE LION OF JUDAH ..... 156
The Lord commanded Abraham..... 174
THE LORD'S PRAYER ..... 105
THE MASTER IS CALLING FOR YOU..... 59
The morning light is breaking ..... 198
THE PROMISED DAY IS DAWNING..... 168
There are precious promises ..... 52
There is an hour of calm relief..... 21
There's a joy that no thought ..... 124
There was one who came and knelt... 98
The snow was drifting o'er the hill... 179
The whole wide world for Jesus ..... 43
THE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS..... 43
THE WORLD FOR JESUS..... 115
THEY BUILD UPON THE ROLLING..... 55
THINE, WHOLLY THINE..... 124
THIRD COMMANDMENT..... 160
THIS MY STORY..... 54
THOUGH I AM BUT A LITTLE CHILD.... 136
THOU HAST REDEEMED ME ..... 5
THOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN..... 103
TIDINGS FROM OVER THE JORDAN..... 32
"TIS I; BE NOT AFRAID"..... 105
TRUSTING WHOLLY IN THY WORD..... 79
Trust to the Lord to hide thee..... 75


## U.


UNANSWERED YET?..... 158


## V.


VOICES, HAPPY VOICES..... 172


## W.


NO.

Waiting still, whate'er betide..... 57
WATCH AND PRAY..... 94
WATCH, BRETHREN, WATCH!..... 152
Watch, for the hour is coming..... 94
We are a little pilgrim band..... 66
We are children of a King..... 44
WE ARE LITTLE CHILDREN..... 125
We are little friends of Jesus..... 62
We are on our march through a..... 178
WELCOME, WANDERER, WELCOME..... 112
Welcome, welcome, friend and pastor 140
WELLS OF ELIM ..... 162
We must not break God's holy law... 160
We shall reach the summer-land..... 38
WE SHALL REACH THE SUNNY SHORE.. 77
WHAT A SHOUT WAS HEARD..... 84
WHAT THOUGH THE TEMPESTS RAGE .. 138
When I am bowed with grief and loss 120
When I am weary..... 51
When I sought the ear of the Strong. 88
When little Samuel heard..... 166
WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH..... 63
When the clouds are gathering round 42
When the heart is weary..... 135
WHEN THE HEARTS WE FONDLY..... 25
Where Thou dost bid me come..... 143
WHERE WILL YOU GO?..... 183
While to Zion we are marching ..... 114
Whoever receiveth the Crucified One. 74
Who Jesus is, I cannot tell..... 119
Who knocketh now at the wicket.... 149
Who may be this wondrous stranger.. 80
Within the royal city ..... 26
With joy Thine earthly courts we.... 46
WITH JOY WE TREAD..... 46
WONDERFUL STORY..... 72
WONDROUS STRANGER..... 80
WORTHY THE LAMB..... 157

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And sing your great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!